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SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS

THE INVISIBLES

GRANT MORRISON

STEVE YEOWELL

Sean '94

DOWN AND OUT IN HEAVEN AND HELL

PART 2

GRANT MORRISON → WRITER
STEVE YEOWELL → ARTIST
DANIEL VOZZO → COLORS
ELECTRIC CRAYON → COLOR SEPARATIONS
CLEM ROBINS → LETTERS
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STUART MOORE → EDITOR

THE INVISIBLES CREATED BY GRANT MORRISON

CONVERSION BY WILDSTORM

THE OLD MAN'S TOO EASY. TOO, TOO EASY.
BUT SOMEHOW I THINK YOU'LL BE EVEN EASIER--A SKINNY LITTLE FUCK-UP LIKE YOU.

YEAH?
BASTARDS.

LEAVE HIM ALONE, YOU BASTARDS!
LEAVE HIM A...

HRRT!

URRF

WE JUST WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND THAT WE CAN KILL YOU ANY TIME WE WANT.

ONE DAY, WHEN YOU LEAST EXPECT IT, WE'LL BE THERE.
EVEN YOUR LIFE DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU.

YOU'RE NOTHING.

NOTHING AT ALL.

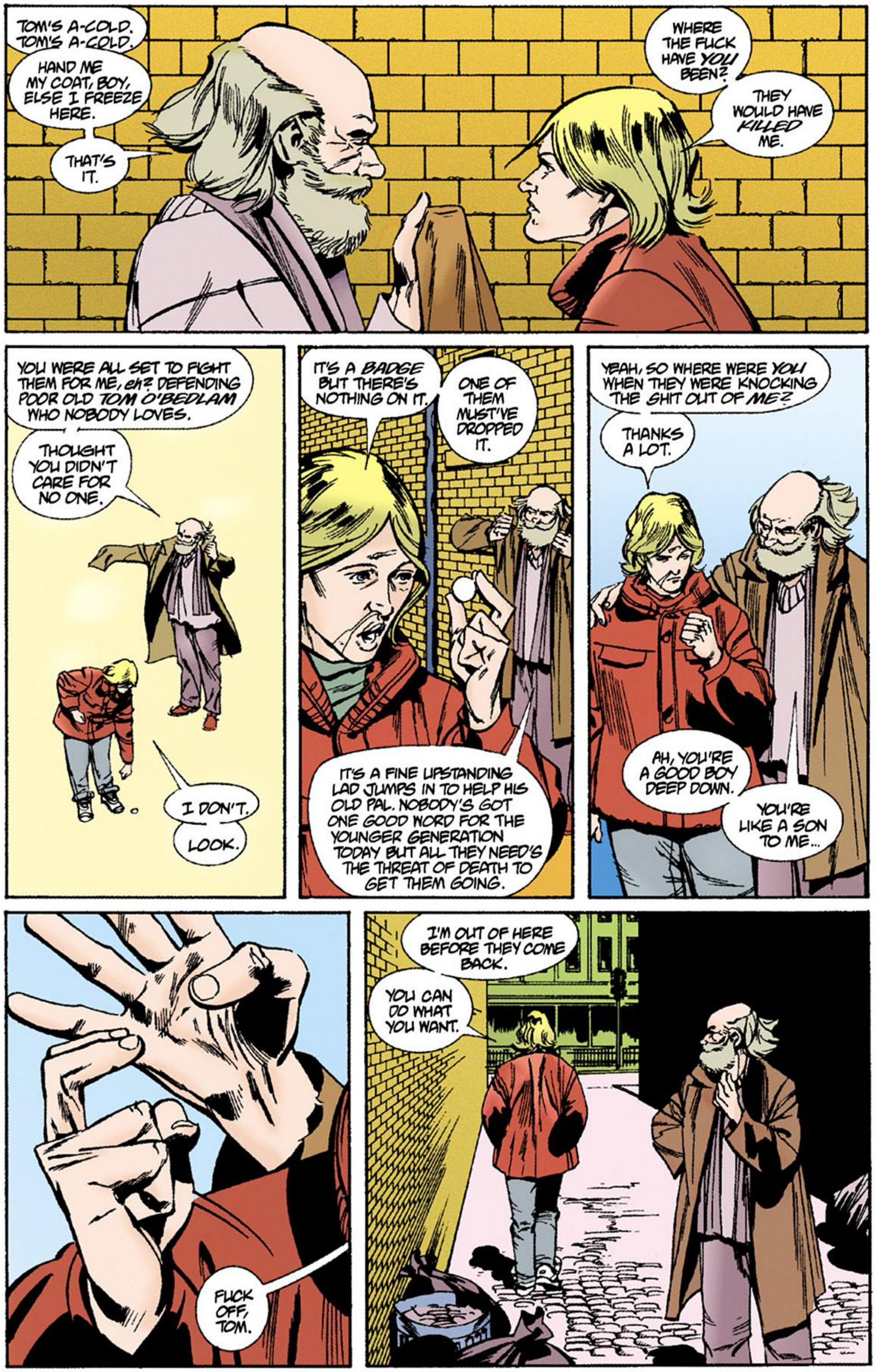
BASTARD!

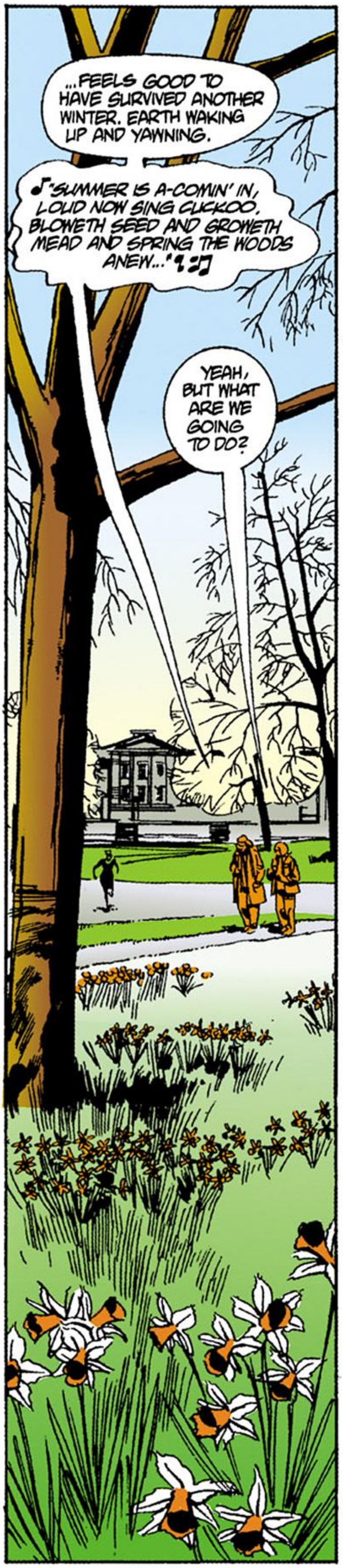
FUCKING BASTARD.

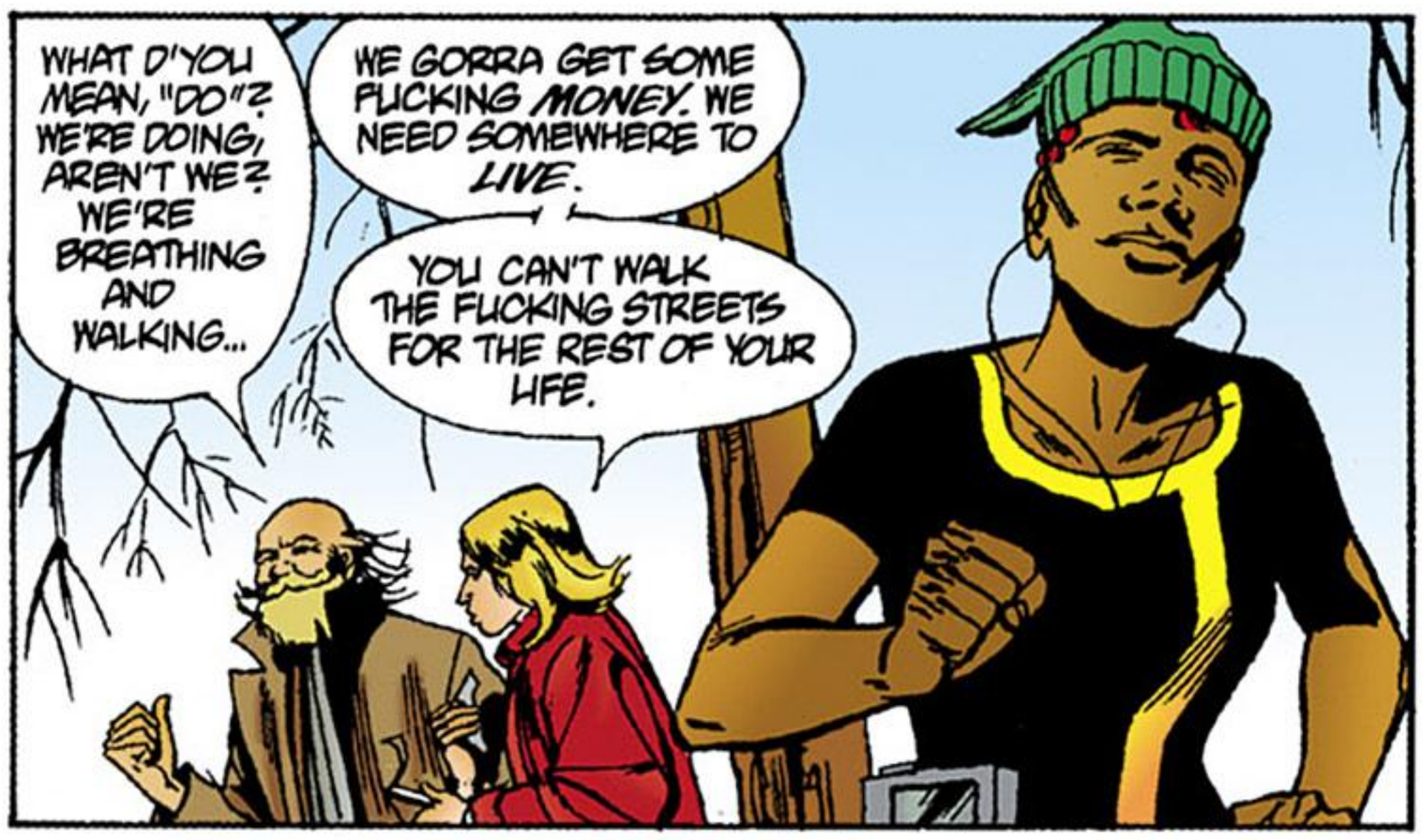
oh shit.

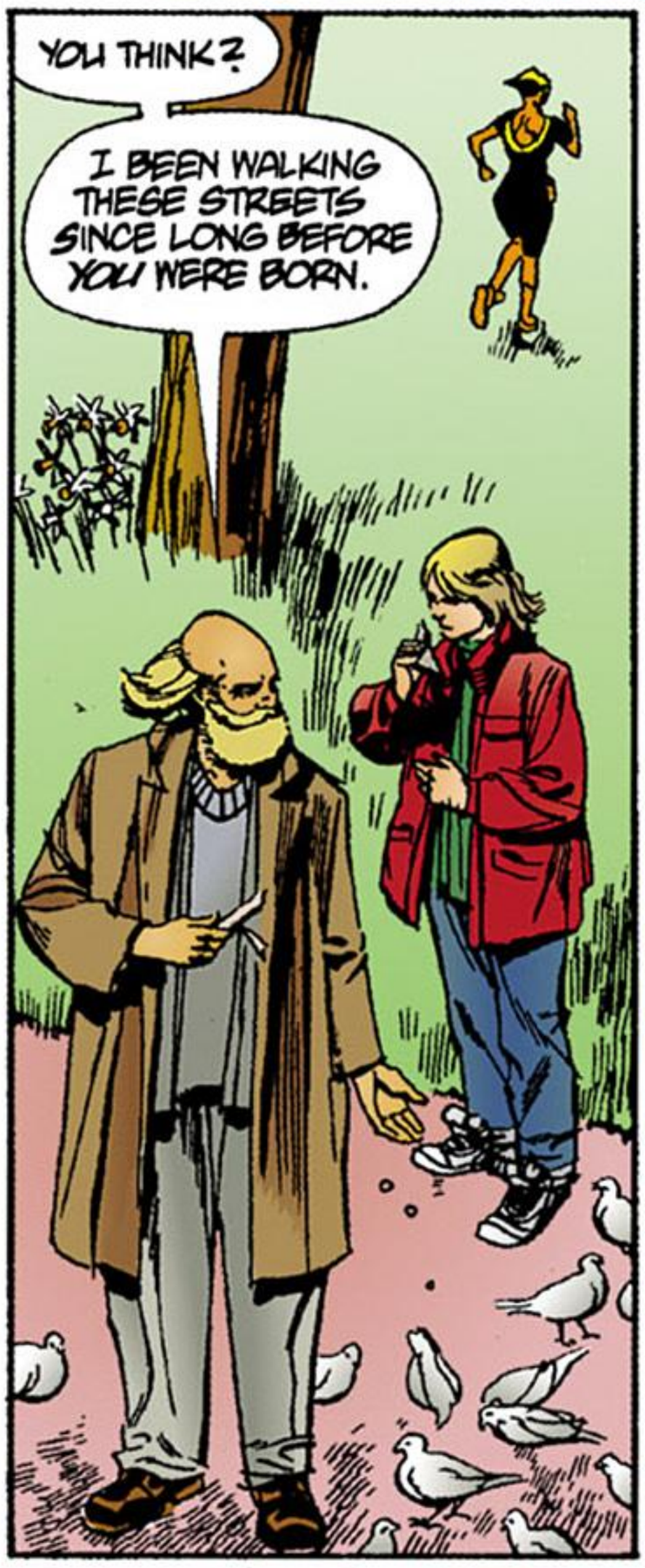
TOM?
TOM, ARE YOU...

CROAK NOT BLACK ANGEL: I HAVE NO FOOD FOR THEE.

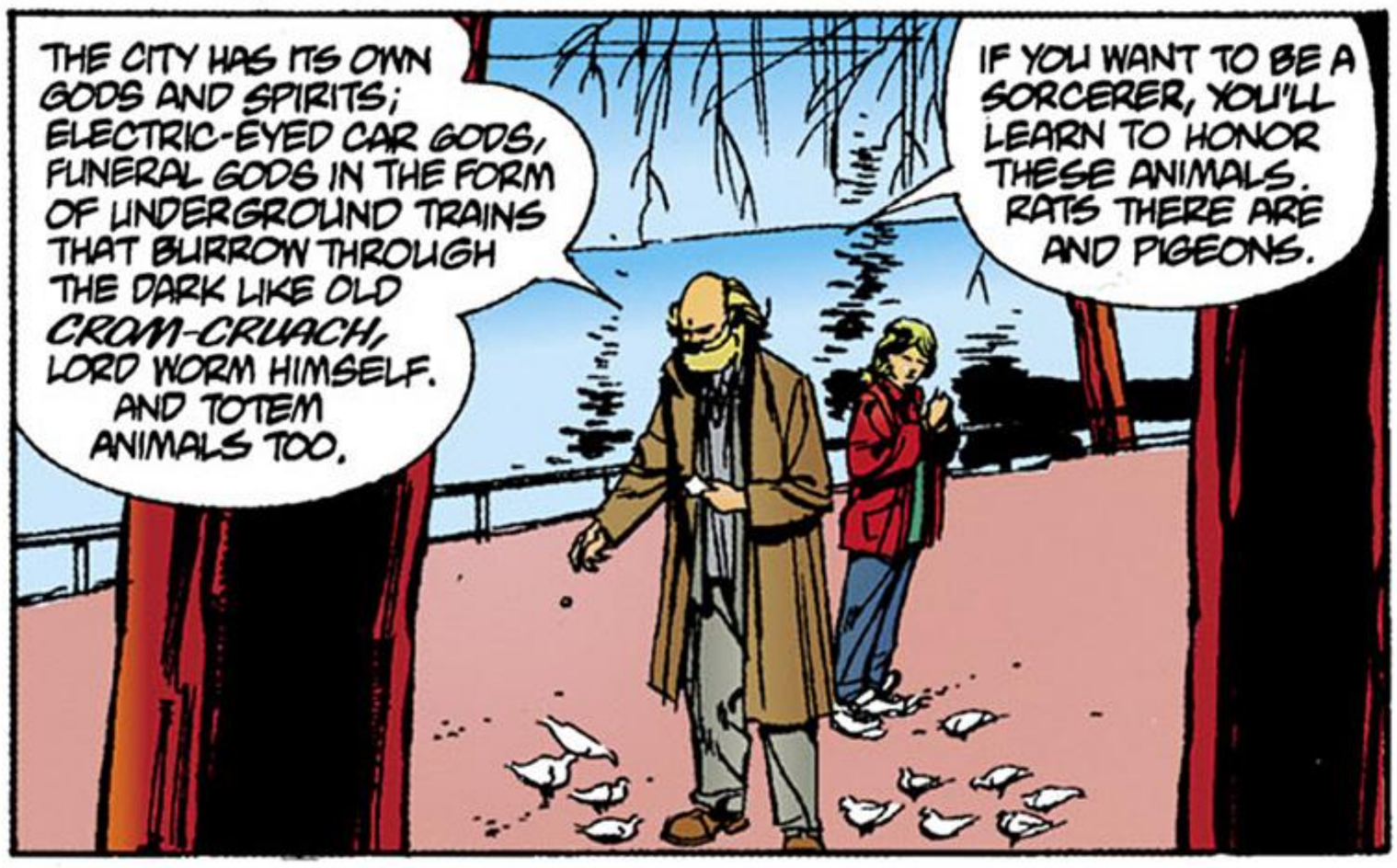

TOM'S A-COLD. TOM'S A-COLD.
HAND ME MY COAT, BOY, ELSE I FREEZE HERE.
THAT'S IT.
WHERE THE FUCK HAVE YOU BEEN?
THEY WOULD HAVE KILLED ME.
YOU WERE ALL SET TO FIGHT THEM FOR ME, eh? DEFENDING POOR OLD TOM O'BEDLAM WHO NOBODY LOVES.
THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T CARE FOR NO ONE.
I DON'T.
LOOK.
IT'S A BADGE BUT THERE'S NOTHING ON IT.
ONE OF THEM MUST'VE DROPPED IT.
IT'S A FINE UPSTANDING LAD JUMPS IN TO HELP HIS OLD PAL. NOBODY'S GOT ONE GOOD WORD FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION TODAY BUT ALL THEY NEED'S THE THREAT OF DEATH TO GET THEM GOING.
YEAH, SO WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THEY WERE KNOCKING THE SHIT OUT OF ME?
THANKS A LOT.
AH, YOU'RE A GOOD BOY DEEP DOWN.
YOU'RE LIKE A SON TO ME...
FUCK OFF, TOM.
I'M OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY COME BACK.
YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT.

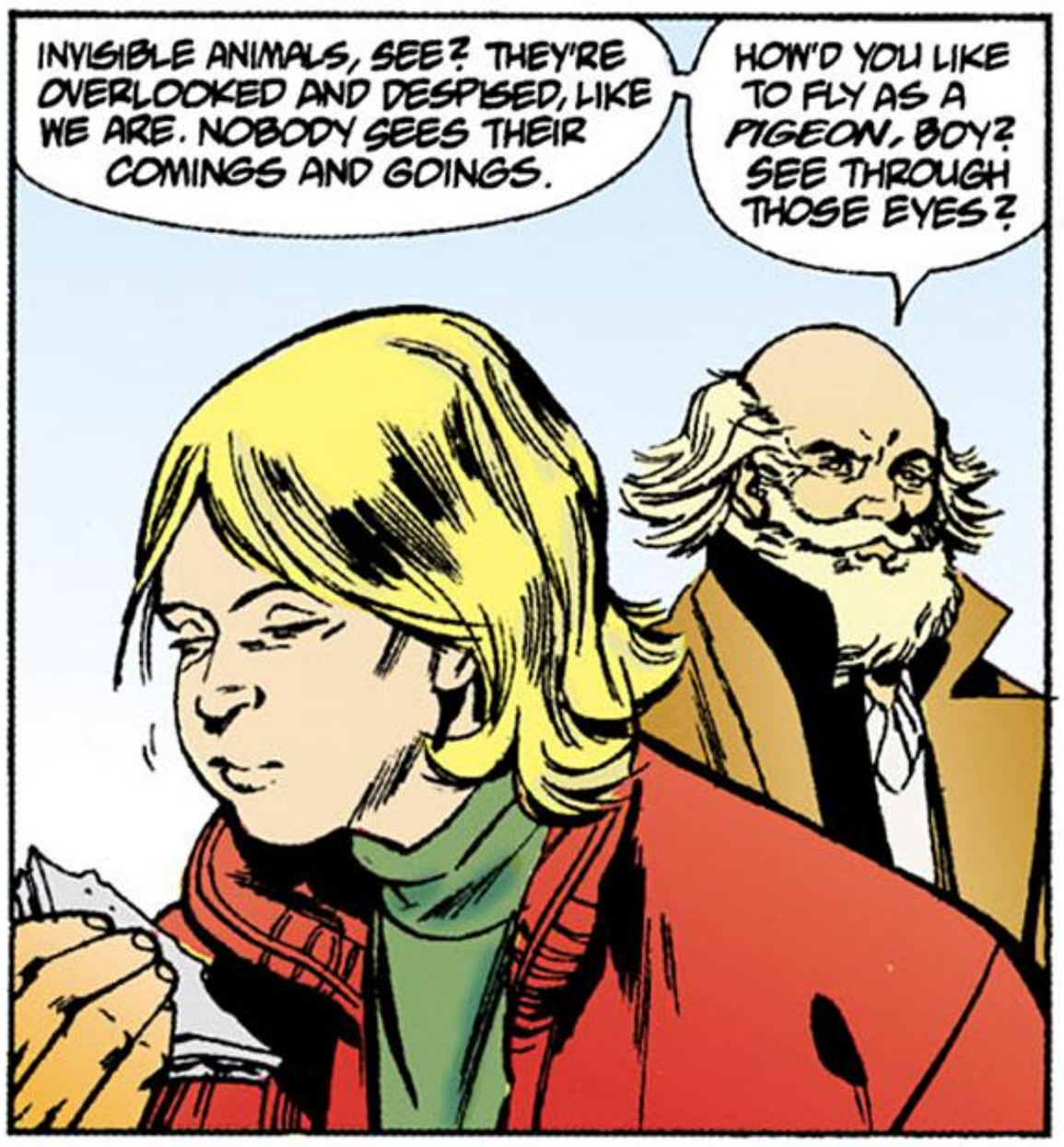

...FEELS GOOD TO HAVE SURVIVED ANOTHER WINTER. EARTH WAKING UP AND YAWNING.
♪"SUMMER IS A-COMIN' IN, LOUD NOW SING CUCKOO. BLOWETH SEED AND GROWETH MEAD AND SPRING THE WOODS ANEW..."♪
YEAH, BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?


WHAT D'YOU MEAN, "DO"? WE'RE DOING, AREN'T WE? WE'RE BREATHING AND WALKING...
WE GORRA GET SOME FUCKING MONEY. WE NEED SOMEWHERE TO LIVE.
YOU CAN'T WALK THE FUCKING STREETS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE.


YOU THINK?
I BEEN WALKING THESE STREETS SINCE LONG BEFORE YOU WERE BORN.

WELL, THERE'S NO WAY I'M GONNA END UP LIKE YOU.
TOO MUCH TIME'S GOING PAST. IT'S WINTER THEN IT'S SPRING AND I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING.
HERE! DON'T KICK AT THEM. THEY'RE JUST TRYING TO LIVE, SAME AS YOU.


THE CITY HAS ITS OWN GODS AND SPIRITS; ELECTRIC-EYED CAR GODS, FUNERAL GODS IN THE FORM OF UNDERGROUND TRAINS THAT BURROW THROUGH THE DARK LIKE OLD CROM-CRUACH, LORD WORM HIMSELF. AND TOTEM ANIMALS TOO.
IF YOU WANT TO BE A SORCERER, YOU'LL LEARN TO HONOR THESE ANIMALS. RATS THERE ARE AND PIGEONS.


INVISIBLE ANIMALS, SEE? THEY'RE OVERLOOKED AND DESPISED, LIKE WE ARE. NOBODY SEES THEIR COMINGS AND GOINGS.
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FLY AS A PIGEON, BOY? SEE THROUGH THOSE EYES?

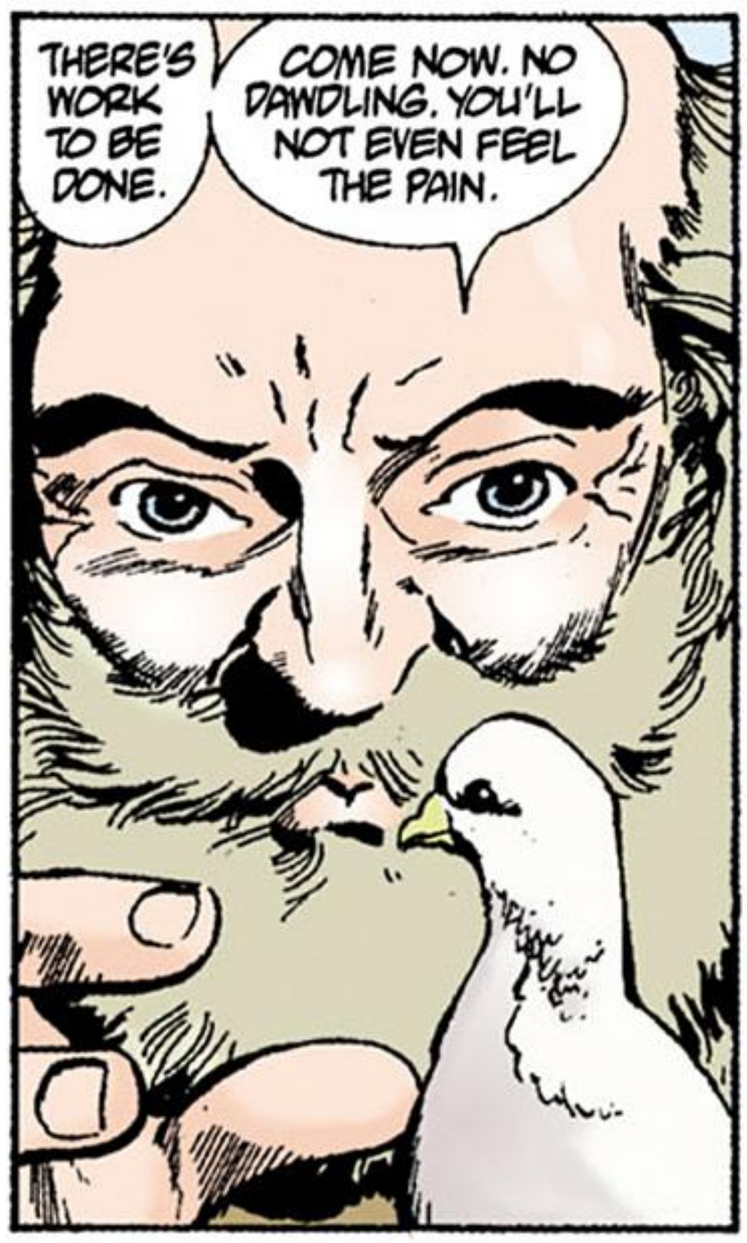
YEAH, SURE.
ALL I WANT'S SOMEWHERE TO FUCKING LIVE, MAN. I CAN'T STAND ANOTHER...

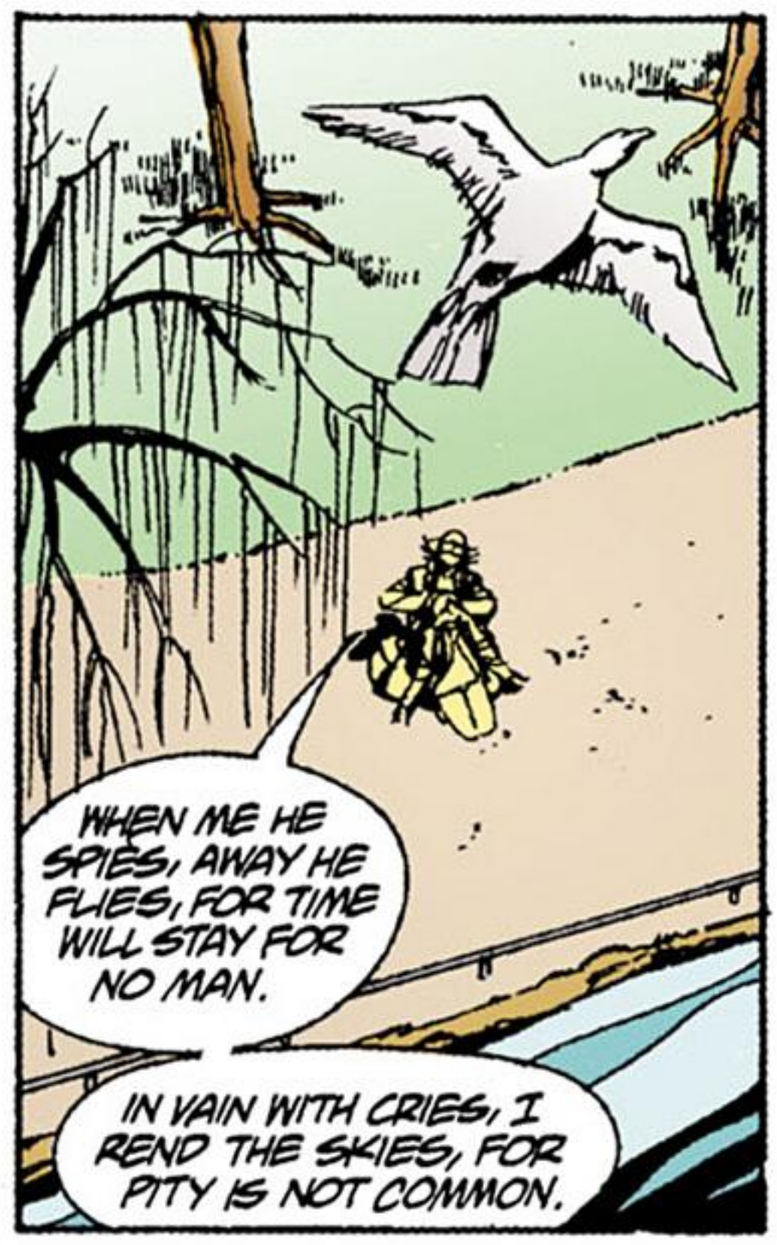
HUTT!
KKAH!

FUCK.
I FEEL WEIRD. WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?
WHAT DID YOU DO?
FUCK. I...

THERE, BOY. SHHH.
NOW, LET ME TAKE YOUR EYES.
NNNM

THERE. BREATHE DEEPLY NOW. DON'T PANIC.
LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD. PUT AWAY YOUR BIRD-BUSINESS FOR A BIT. COME HERE.


THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE.
COME NOW. NO DAWDLING. YOU'LL NOT EVEN FEEL THE PAIN.


WHEN ME HE SPIES, AWAY HE FLIES, FOR TIME WILL STAY FOR NO MAN.
IN VAIN WITH CRIES, I REND THE SKIES, FOR PITY IS NOT COMMON.

LOOK.
ahhhh

LOOK!

WHEN WE MET FIRST I PROMISED YOU A *SECRET* TO KEEP IN YOUR POCKET, DIDN'T I? A FINE AND SHINY SECRET, PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND THROUGH THE YEARS, MASTER TO PUPIL.

DIDN'T I SAY I'D TELL YOU WHAT *CITIES* ARE?

LISTEN, THEN, FOR I'LL NOT TELL IT A SECOND TIME.

HERE IT IS AS I WAS TOLD IT ONCE, OLD BUT NEW-MINTED WITH EACH FRESH TELLING.

OUR WORLD IS *SICK*, BOY. VERY SICK. A VIRUS GOT IN A LONG TIME AGO AND WE'VE GOT SO USED TO ITS EFFECTS, WE'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT WAS LIKE *BEFORE* WE BECAME ILL.

I'M TALKING ABOUT *CITIES*, SEE?

HUMAN CULTURES WERE ORIGINALLY *HOMEOSTATIC*; THEY EXISTED IN A SELF-SUSTAINING EQUILIBRIUM, WITH NO NOTIONS OF TIME AND PROGRESS, LIKE WE'VE GOT.

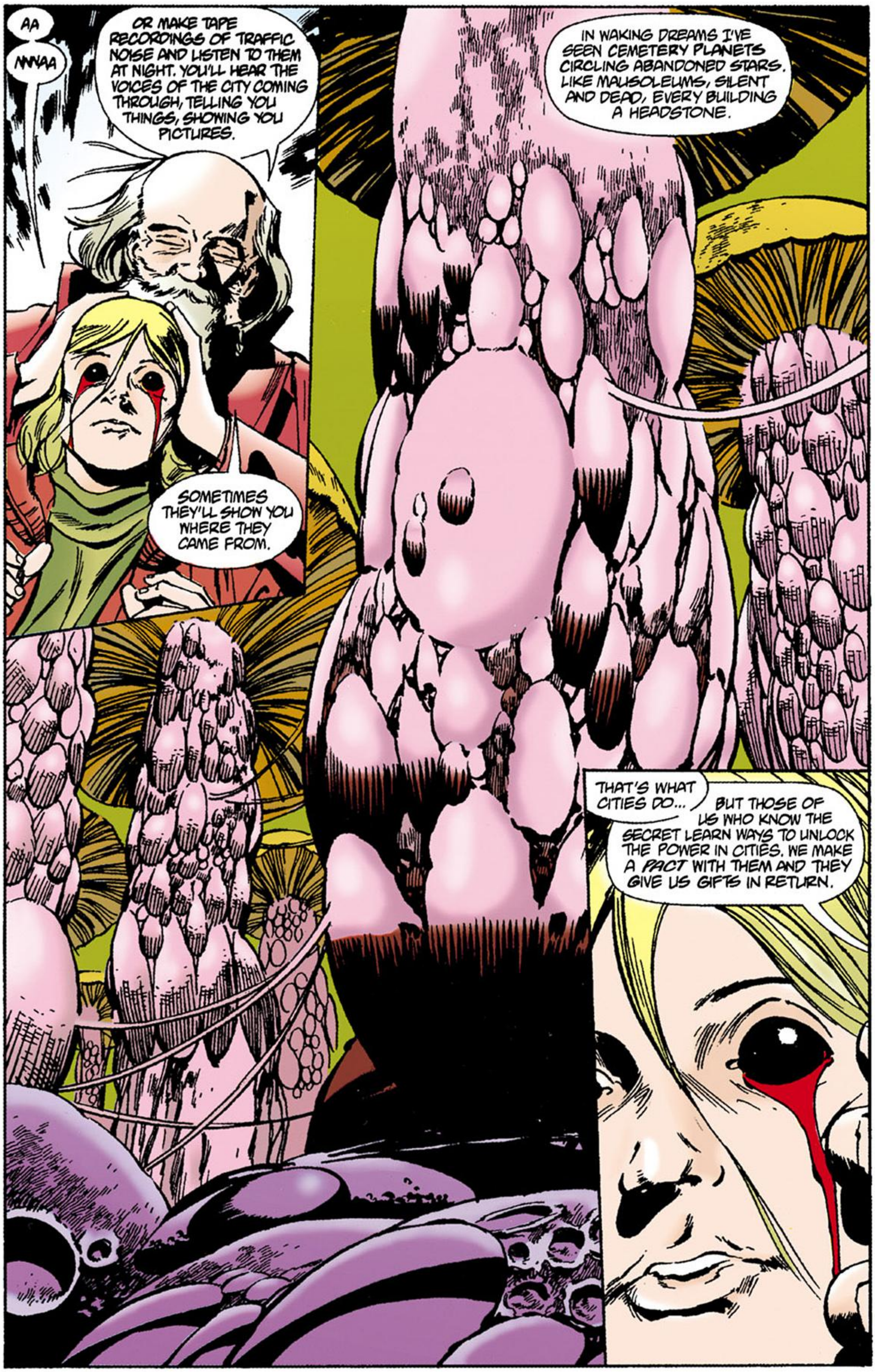
THEN THE CITY-VIRUS GOT IN. NO ONE'S REALLY SURE WHERE IT CAME FROM OR WHO BROUGHT IT TO US, BUT LIKE ALL VIRAL ORGANISMS, ITS ONE DIRECTIVE IS TO USE UP ALL AVAILABLE RESOURCES IN PRODUCING *COPIES* OF ITSELF.

MORE AND MORE COPIES UNTIL THERE'S NO RAW MATERIAL LEFT AND THE HOST BODY, OVERWHELMED, CAN ONLY DIE.

THE CITIES WANT US TO BECOME GOOD BUILDERS. EVENTUALLY, WE'LL BUILD ROCKETS AND CARRY THE VIRUS TO OTHER WORLDS.

CITIES HAVE THEIR OWN WAY OF TALKING TO YOU; CATCH SIGHT OF THE REFLECTION OF A NEON SIGN AND IT'LL SPELL OUT A MAGIC WORD THAT SUMMONS STRANGE DREAMS.

HAVE YOU NEVER SEEN THE WORD '*IXAT*' GLOWING IN THE NIGHT? THAT'S ONE OF THE HOLY NAMES.


AA
NNAA
OR MAKE TAPE RECORDINGS OF TRAFFIC NOISE AND LISTEN TO THEM AT NIGHT. YOU'LL HEAR THE VOICES OF THE CITY COMING THROUGH, TELLING YOU THINGS, SHOWING YOU PICTURES.
SOMETIMES THEY'LL SHOW YOU WHERE THEY CAME FROM.
IN WAKING DREAMS I'VE SEEN CEMETERY PLANETS CIRCLING ABANDONED STARS. LIKE MAUSOLEUMS, SILENT AND DEAD, EVERY BUILDING A HEADSTONE.
THAT'S WHAT CITIES DO...
BUT THOSE OF US WHO KNOW THE SECRET LEARN WAYS TO UNLOCK THE POWER IN CITIES. WE MAKE A PACT WITH THEM AND THEY GIVE US GIFTS IN RETURN.

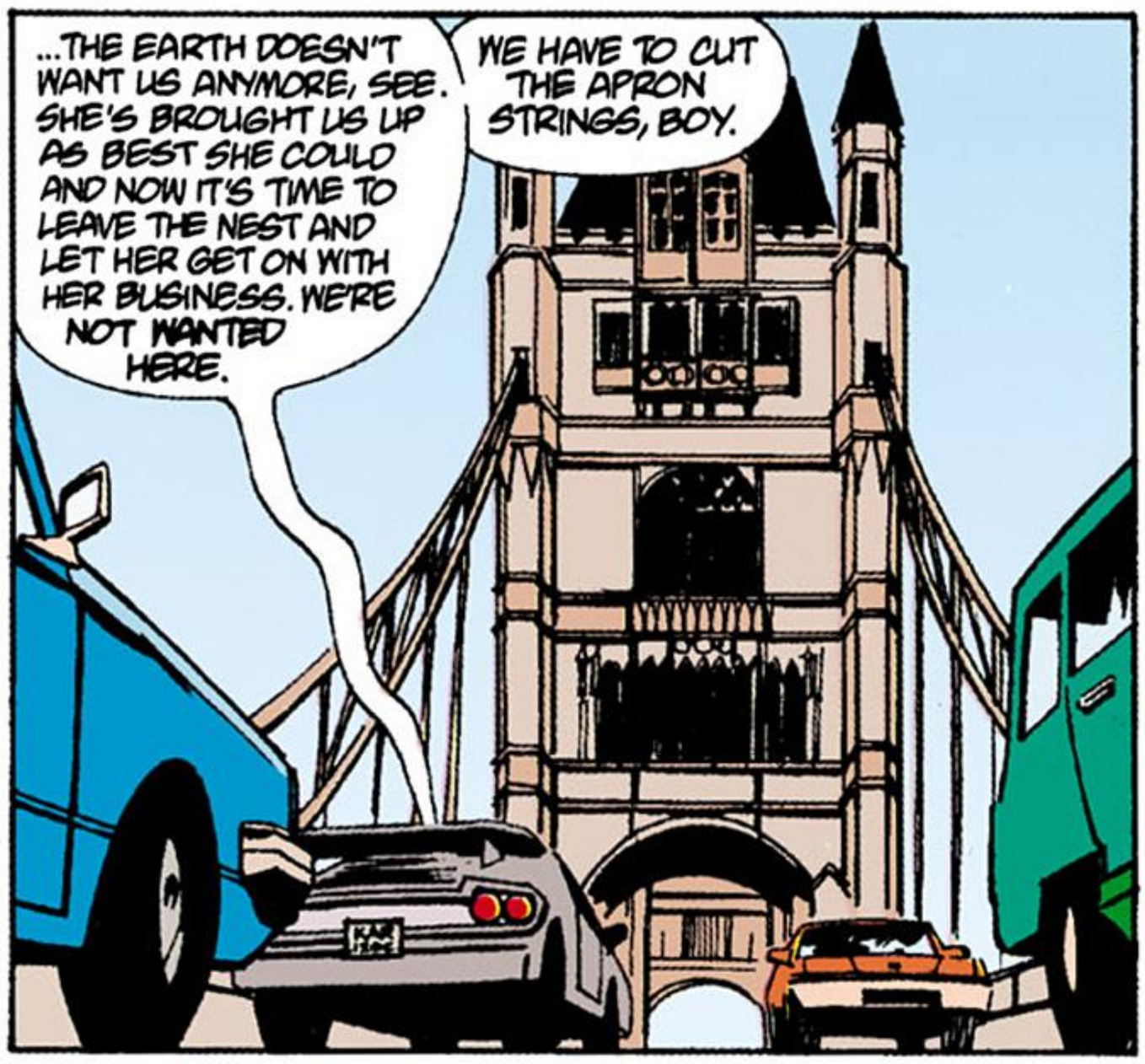
ALL OF MY TEACHINGS ARE DONE ON THIS LEVEL OF CONSCIOUSNESS. THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE ALL THE TIME HAS GONE.
OPEN YOUR EYES. GO BACK TO SLEEP, BOY. HERE ENDETH THE LESSON.
IS THAT US?
IS THAT WHAT WE LOOK LIKE?

WHERE AM I?

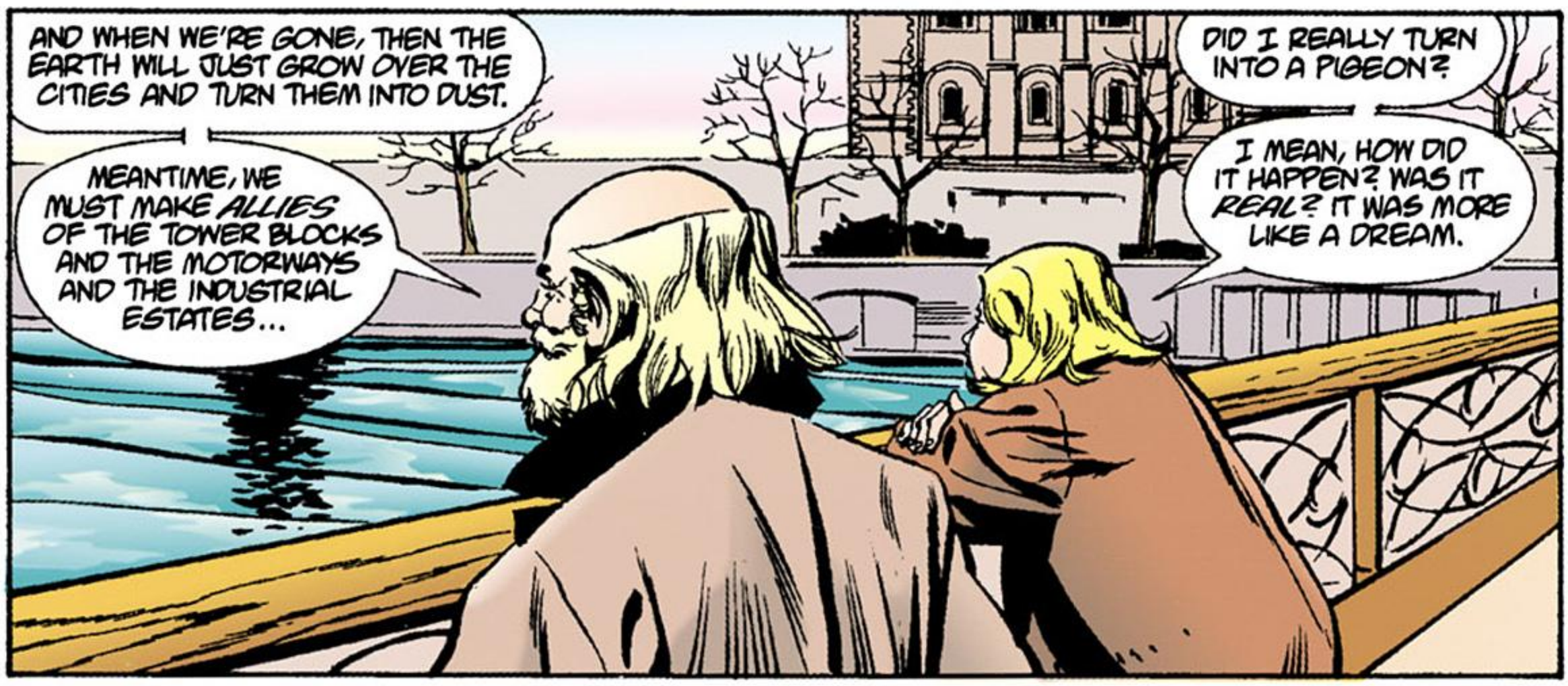
WHERE AM I?

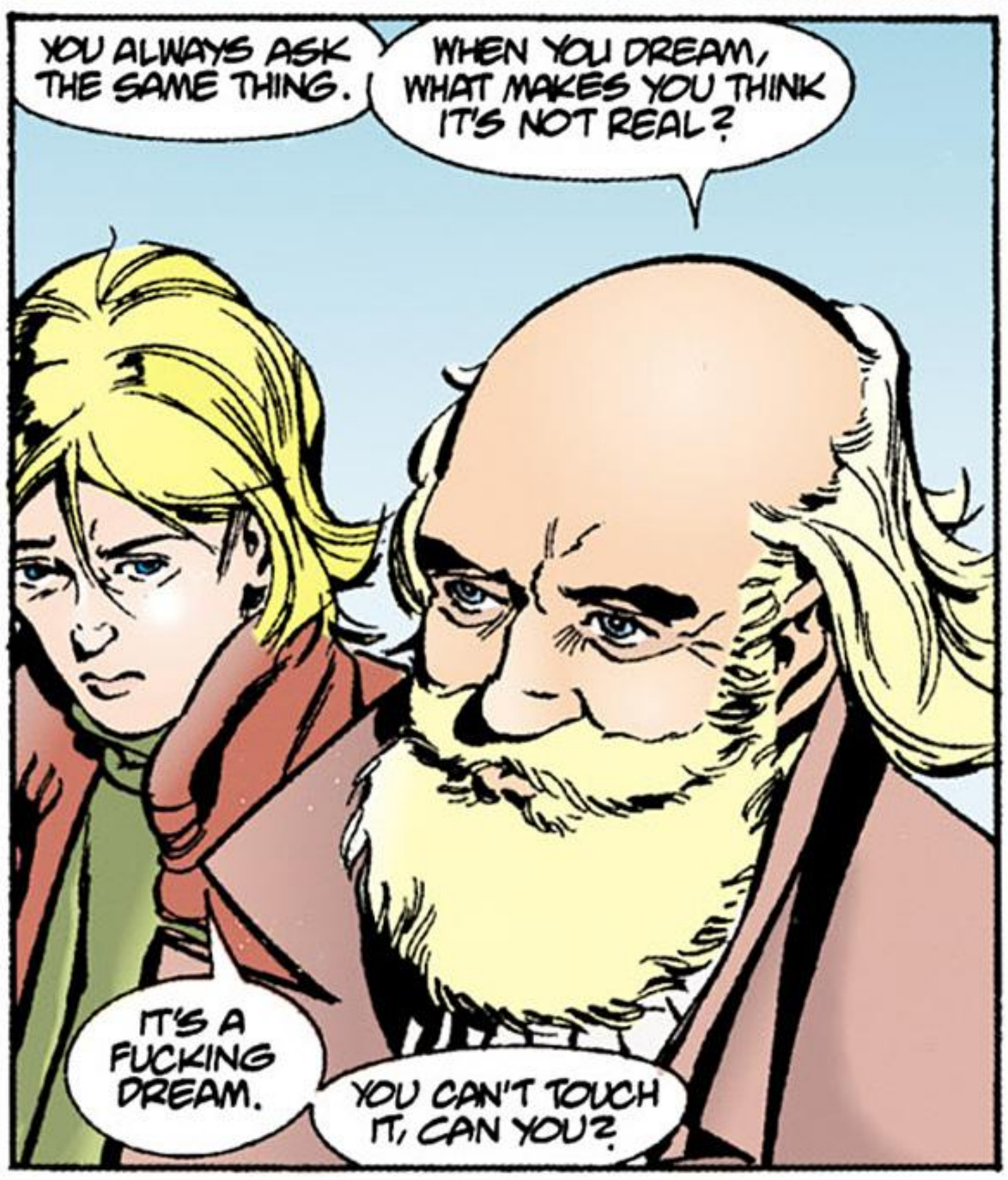
FUCK.
I FEEL WEIRD.
THERE NOW.

YOU'LL NOT KICK PIGEONS AGAIN SO FAST.

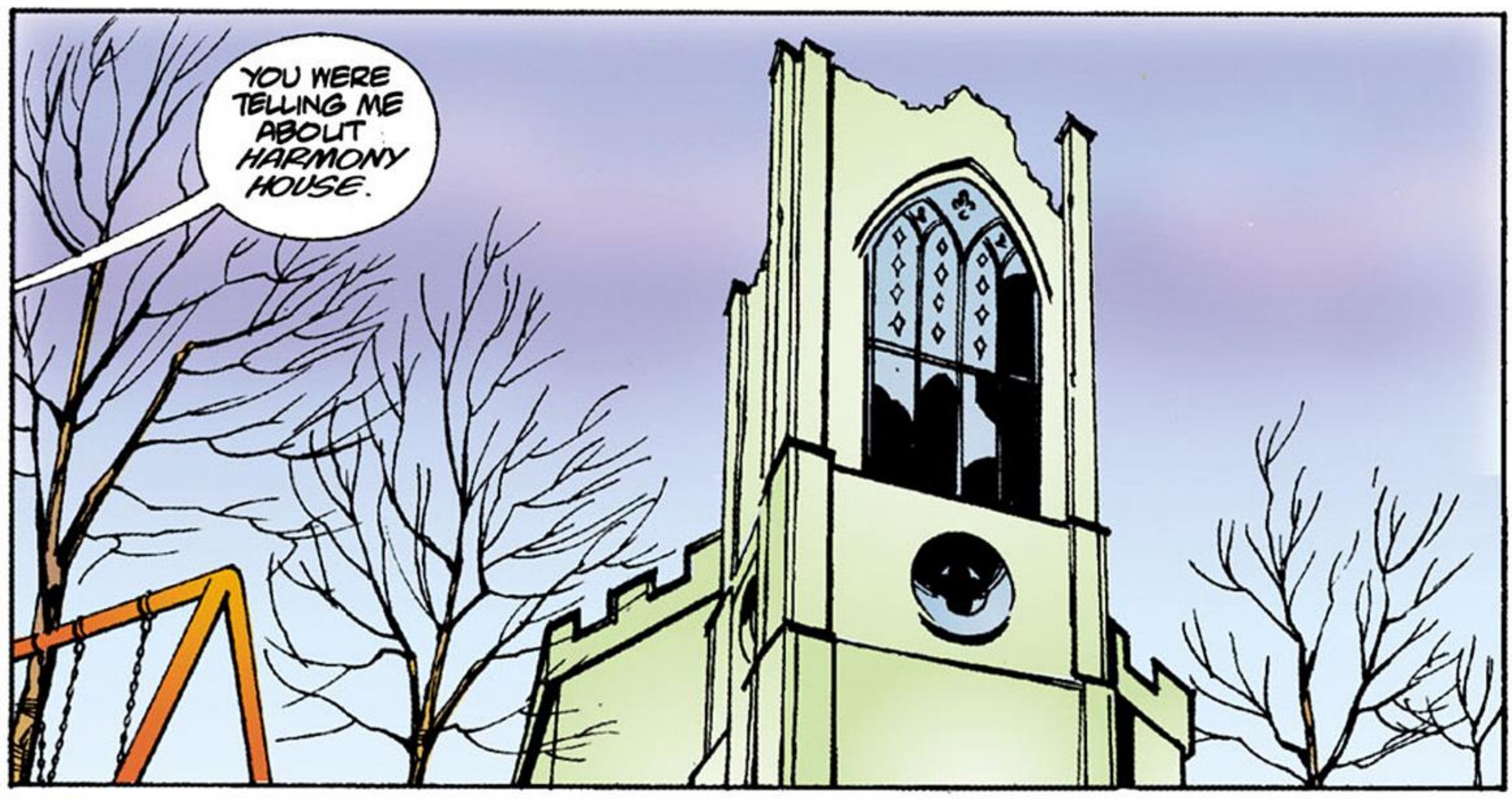

...THE EARTH DOESN'T WANT US ANYMORE, SEE. SHE'S BROUGHT US UP AS BEST SHE COULD AND NOW IT'S TIME TO LEAVE THE NEST AND LET HER GET ON WITH HER BUSINESS. WE'RE NOT WANTED HERE.
WE HAVE TO CUT THE APRON STRINGS, BOY.

CAN'T SUCK AT MUMMY'S TIT FOREVER.
WE HAVE TO LEAVE OUR BODIES AND OUR CITIES BEHIND US AND GO INTO SPACE, JUST LIKE THE LITTLE FISHES HAD TO LEAVE THE SEA WAS ALL THEY KNEW.
KAR 120C


AND WHEN WE'RE GONE, THEN THE EARTH WILL JUST GROW OVER THE CITIES AND TURN THEM INTO DUST.
MEANTIME, WE MUST MAKE *ALLIES* OF THE TOWER BLOCKS AND THE MOTORWAYS AND THE INDUSTRIAL ESTATES...
DID I REALLY TURN INTO A PIGEON?
I MEAN, HOW DID IT HAPPEN? WAS IT *REAL*? IT WAS MORE LIKE A DREAM.


YOU ALWAYS ASK THE SAME THING.
WHEN YOU DREAM, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT'S NOT REAL?
IT'S A FUCKING DREAM.
YOU CAN'T TOUCH IT, CAN YOU?

DID YOU EVER HOLD THE HAND OF THE MAN WHO READS THE NEWS EVERY NIGHT ON TELLY?
LET'S WALK.


YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT HARMONY HOUSE.

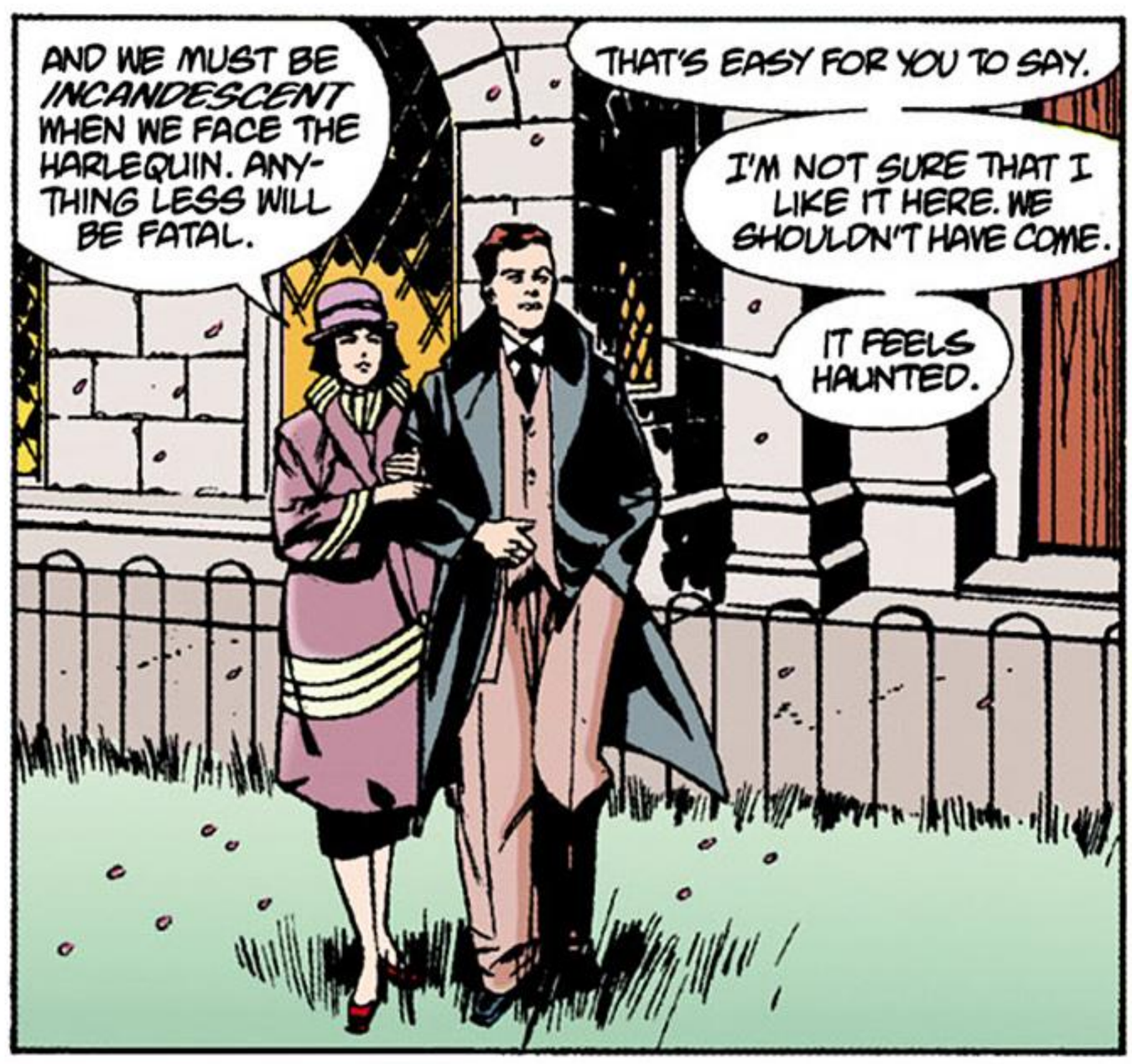
NOT MUCH TO TELL. I THINK THEY WERE DOING MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS.
WHAT SORT?

THEY WERE FUCKING UP PEOPLE'S HEADS, MAKING THEM DO WHAT THEY WERE TOLD.
THEY DON'T NEED EXPERIMENTS TO TELL THEM HOW TO DO THAT. THAT'S THEIR OLDEST TRICK.

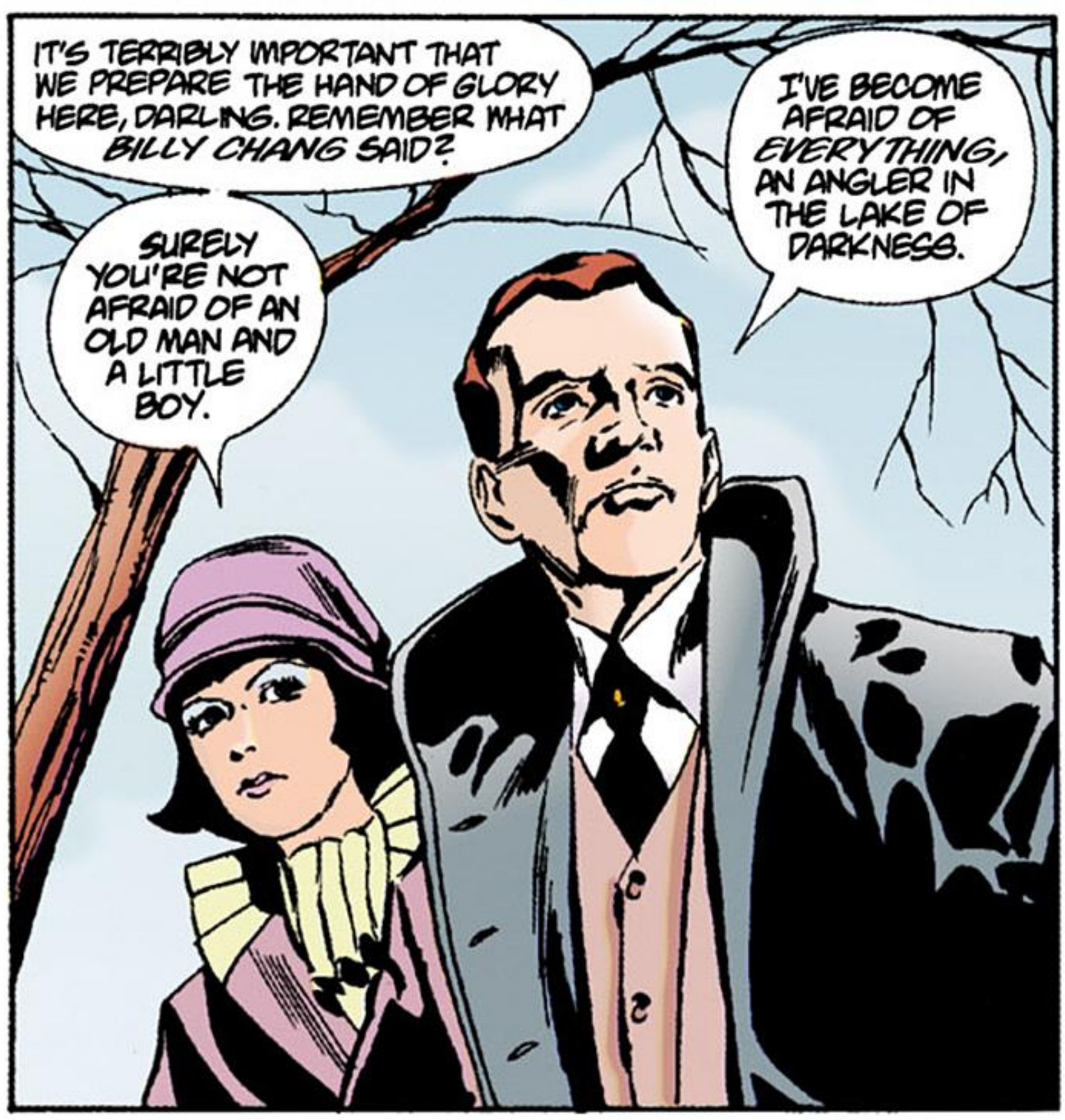
WHO'S "THEY"?
THE DARK FORCES WHO WOULD RULE THIS PLANET.

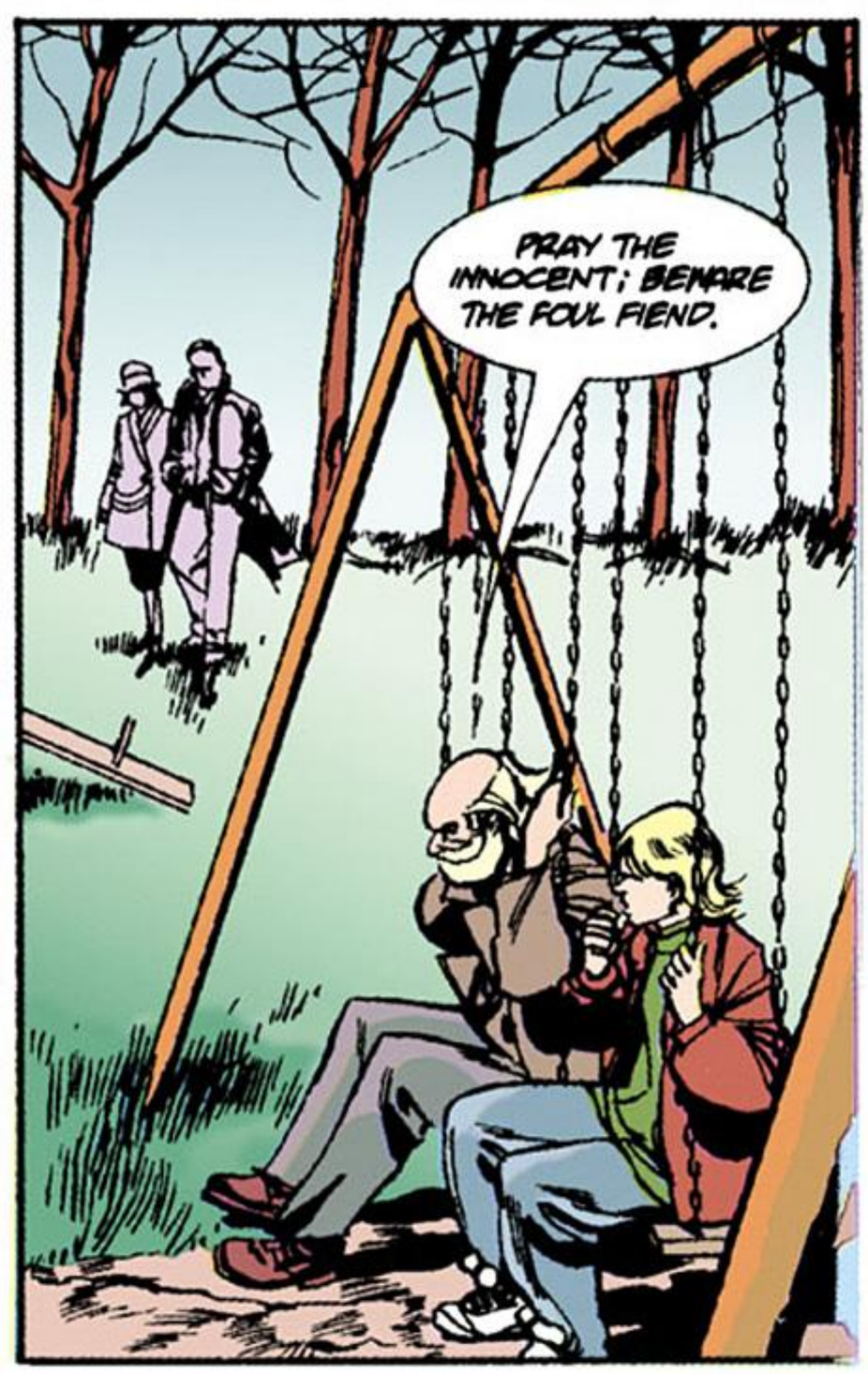
WHO DID YOU THINK?
WHAT?

LIKE THE DEVIL OR SOMETHING? WHAT ARE YOU...
SHHH!
WE HAVE PAN AND DIONYSUS ON OUR SIDE, FREDDIE DEAR...

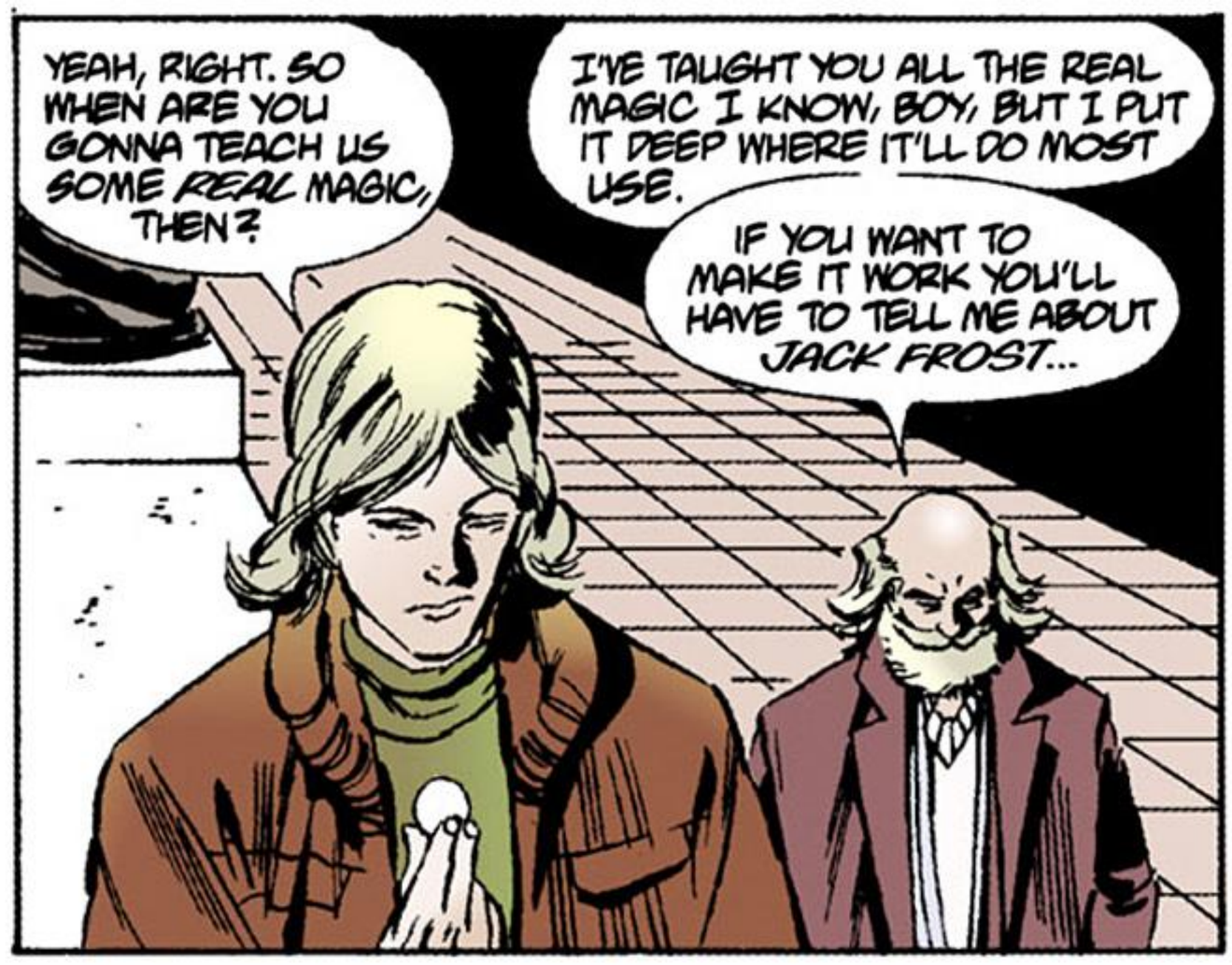

AND WE MUST BE INCANDESCENT WHEN WE FACE THE HARLEQUIN. ANYTHING LESS WILL BE FATAL.
THAT'S EASY FOR YOU TO SAY.
I'M NOT SURE THAT I LIKE IT HERE. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME.
IT FEELS HAUNTED.

FRATERETTO CALLS ME, AND TELLS ME NERO IS AN ANGLER IN THE LAKE OF DARKNESS.


IT'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT THAT WE PREPARE THE HAND OF GLORY HERE, DARLING. REMEMBER WHAT BILLY CHANG SAID?
SURELY YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF AN OLD MAN AND A LITTLE BOY.
I'VE BECOME AFRAID OF EVERYTHING, AN ANGLER IN THE LAKE OF DARKNESS.

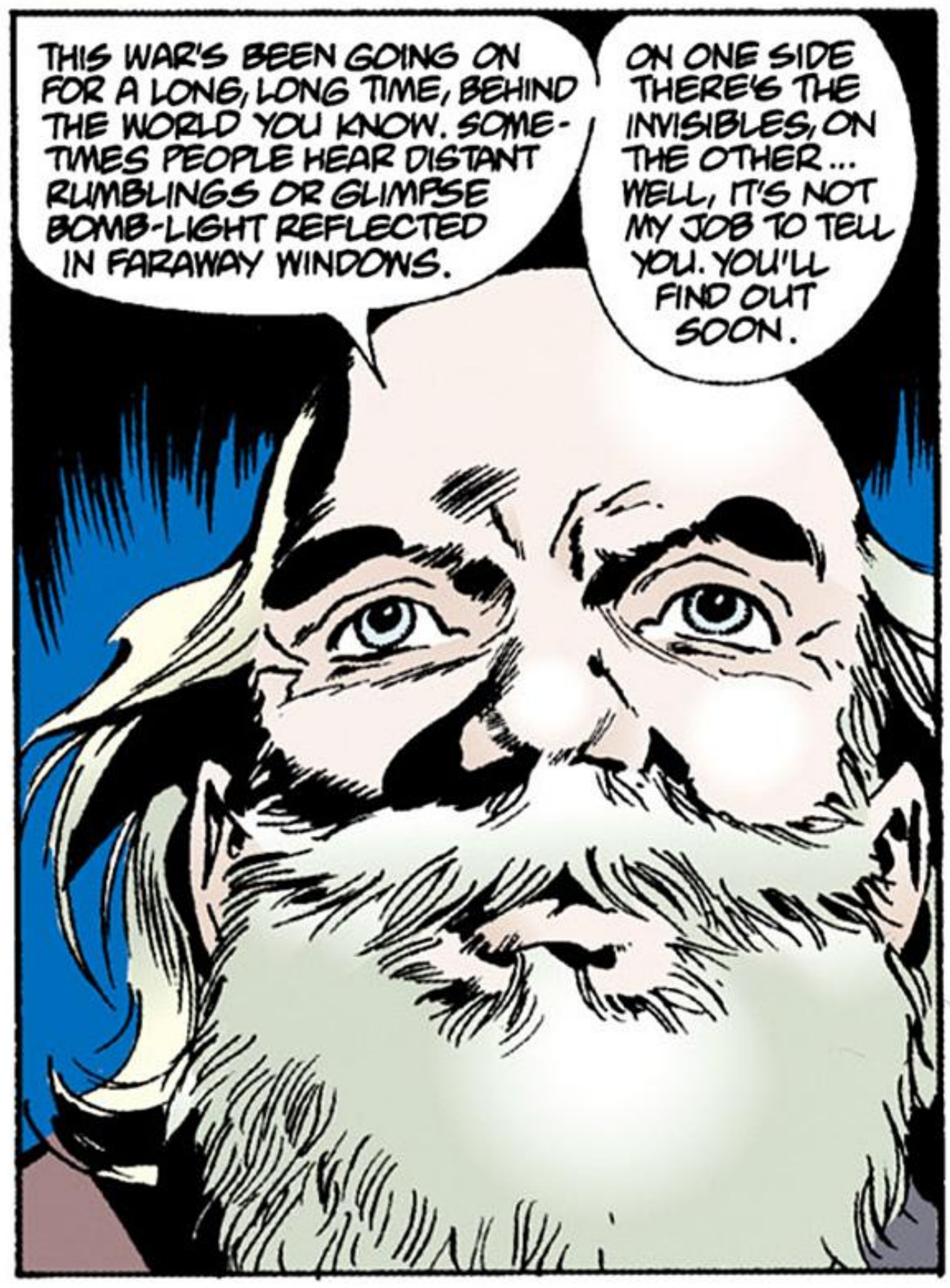

PRAY THE INNOCENT; BEWARE THE FOUL FIEND.

...CITY'S FULL OF MAGIC, NEITHER BAD NOR GOOD, JUST THERE TO BE USED BY THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW. CITIES LIVE AND BREATHE MAGIC.
DID YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU GET A MAP AND JOIN UP THE SITES OF ALL THE McDONALD'S RESTAURANTS IN LONDON, IT MAKES THE SIGIL OF THE DARK EMPEROR MAMMON?


YEAH, RIGHT. SO WHEN ARE YOU GONNA TEACH US SOME REAL MAGIC, THEN?
I'VE TAUGHT YOU ALL THE REAL MAGIC I KNOW, BOY, BUT I PUT IT DEEP WHERE IT'LL DO MOST USE.
IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT WORK YOU'LL HAVE TO TELL ME ABOUT JACK FROST...

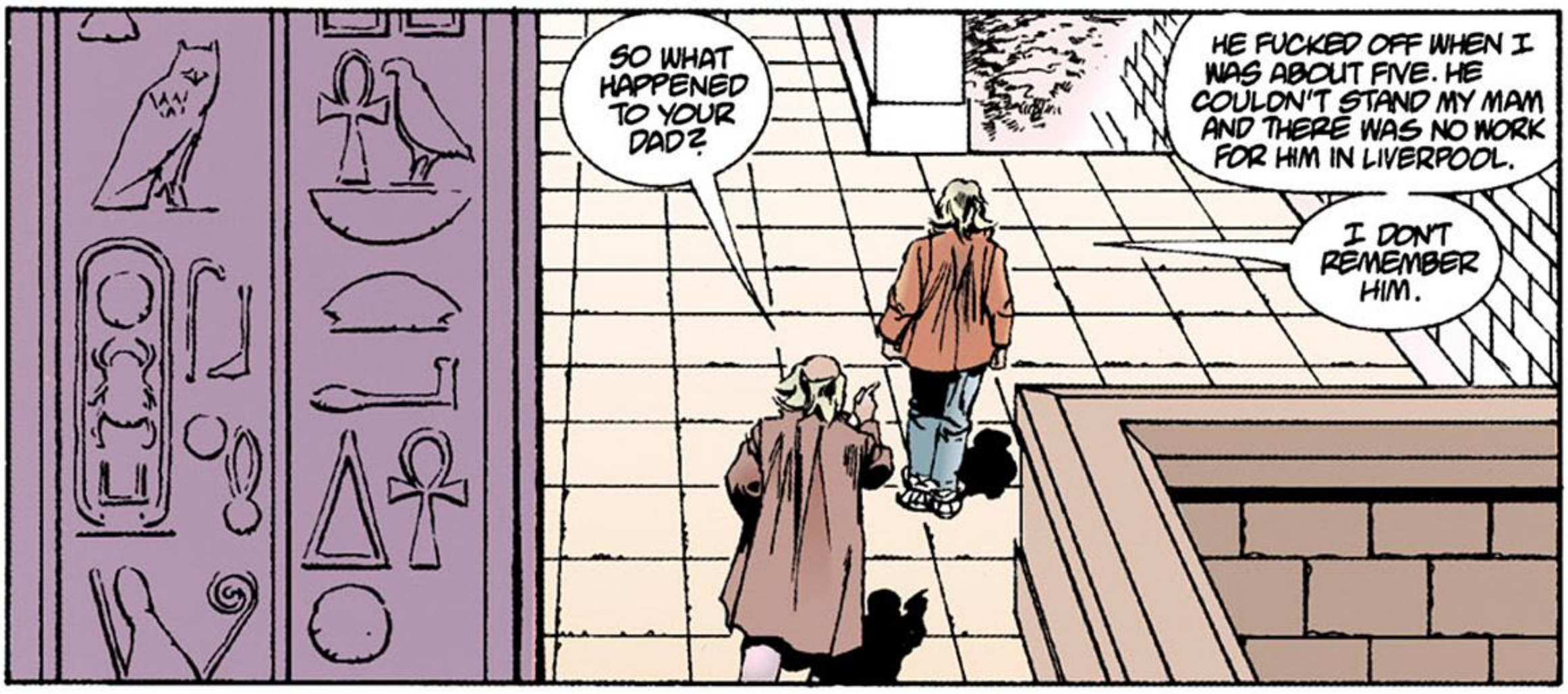
WHY D'YOU KEEP GOING ON ABOUT THAT? THERE'S NOTHING TO TELL.
YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE INVISIBLES FIRST. I CAN'T BE ARSED WITH ANY MORE OF THIS WALKING AROUND, TALKING SHITE. SOMETHING'S GOING ON HERE.

YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, AREN'T YOU? SAME AS THAT BALD GUY, KING MOB.
AND WHAT'S THIS WHITE BADGE ALL ABOUT? WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH ME?
THERE'S A WAR ON, BOY. THERE'S A WAR ON AND WE WANT YOU, WE WANT YOU AS A NEW RECRUIT.

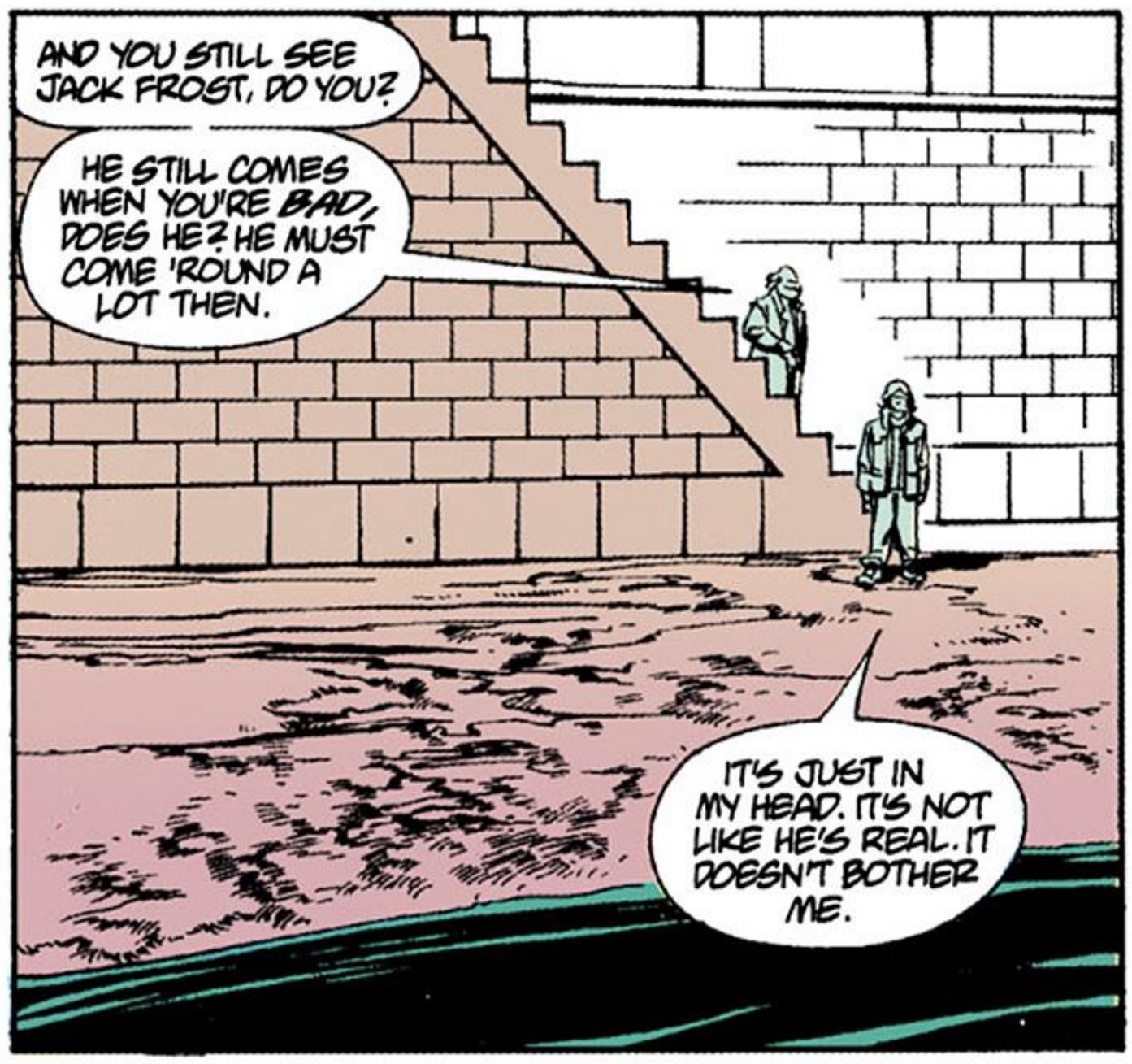

THIS WAR'S BEEN GOING ON FOR A LONG, LONG TIME, BEHIND THE WORLD YOU KNOW. SOMETIMES PEOPLE HEAR DISTANT RUMBLINGS OR GLIMPSE BOMB-LIGHT REFLECTED IN FARAWAY WINDOWS.
ON ONE SIDE THERE'S THE INVISIBLES, ON THE OTHER... WELL, IT'S NOT MY JOB TO TELL YOU. YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON.

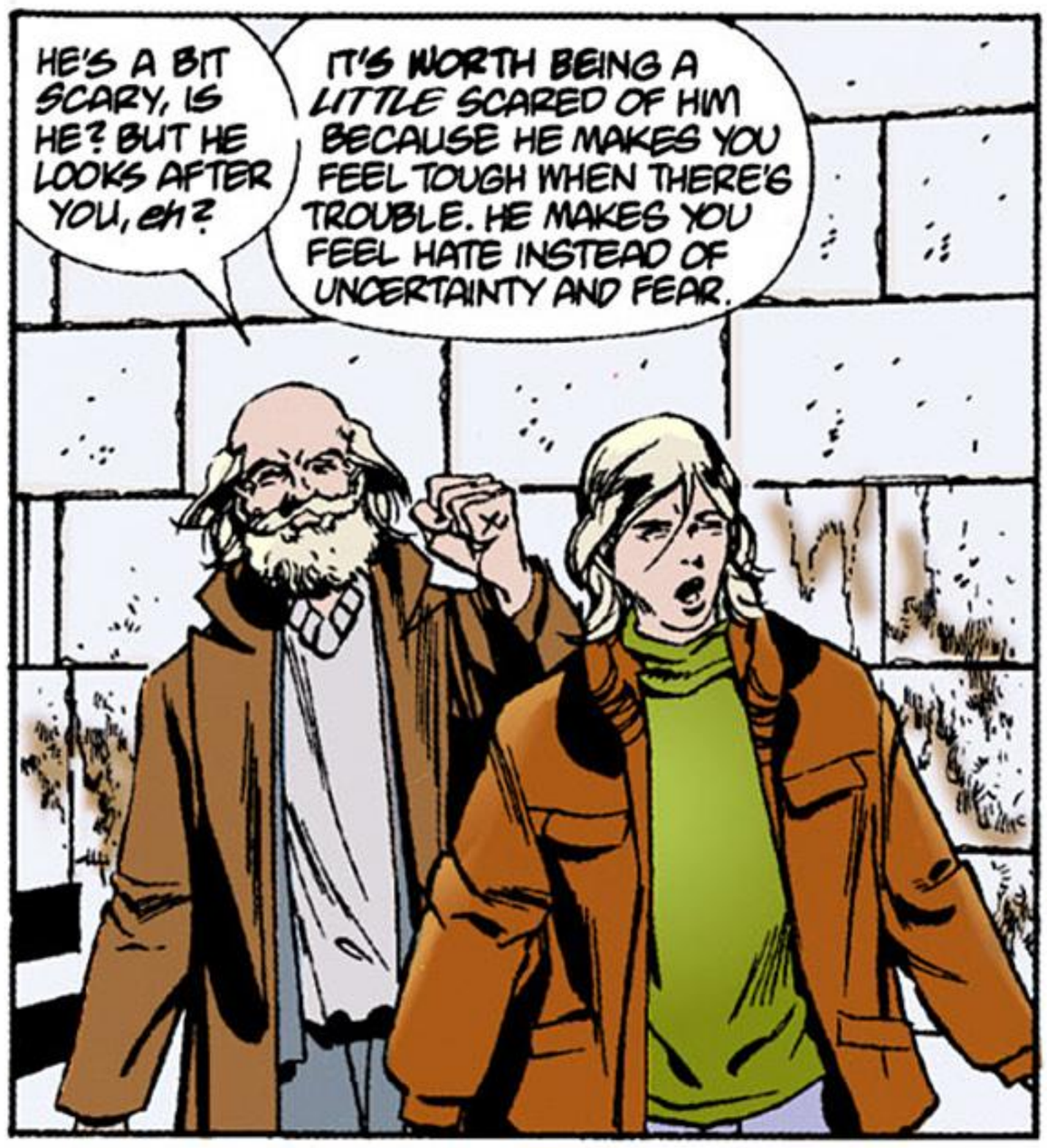
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW SOON, I WANT TO KNOW NOW.
ENJOY YOUR IGNORANCE, WHILE IT LASTS. I GAVE YOU WHAT I HAD TO GIVE, NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
JACK FROST.

I TOLD YOU; THERE'S NO BIG DEAL ABOUT IT.
IT'S JUST SOME SHITE MY MAM USED TO SAY WHEN I WAS LITTLE. I WAS ALWAYS GETTING INTO TROUBLE BECAUSE I HAD NO DAD AND SHE WOULD SAY JACK FROST WOULD COME AND GET ME. JUST SHITE.


SO WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR DAD?
HE FUCKED OFF WHEN I WAS ABOUT FIVE. HE COULDN'T STAND MY MAM AND THERE WAS NO WORK FOR HIM IN LIVERPOOL.
I DON'T REMEMBER HIM.

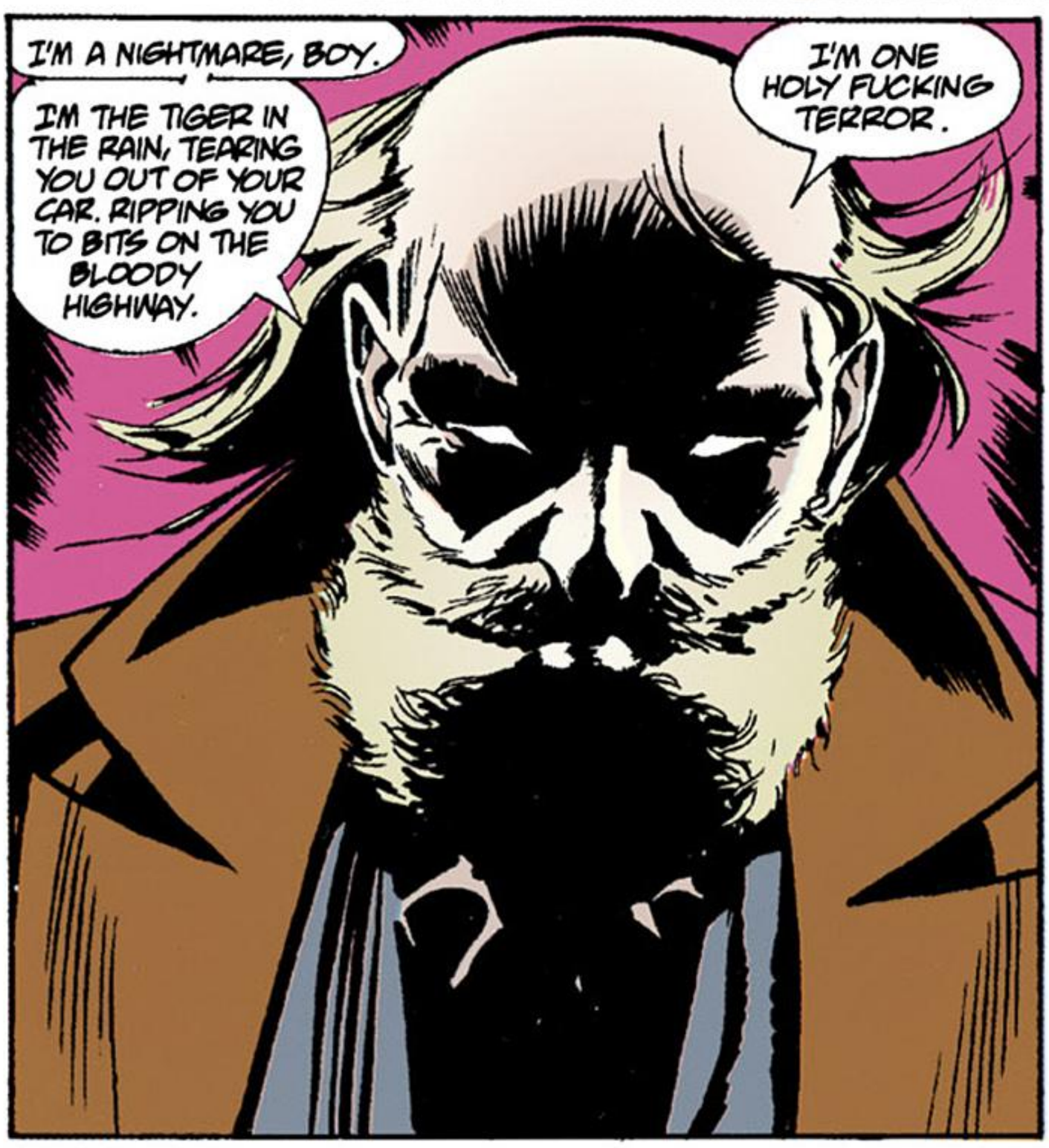
SO IT WAS JUST YOU AND YOUR MUM? THAT'S NICE, A BOY AND HIS MUM.
YEAH.


AND YOU STILL SEE JACK FROST, DO YOU?
HE STILL COMES WHEN YOU'RE BAD, DOES HE? HE MUST COME 'ROUND A LOT THEN.
IT'S JUST IN MY HEAD. IT'S NOT LIKE HE'S REAL. IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME.

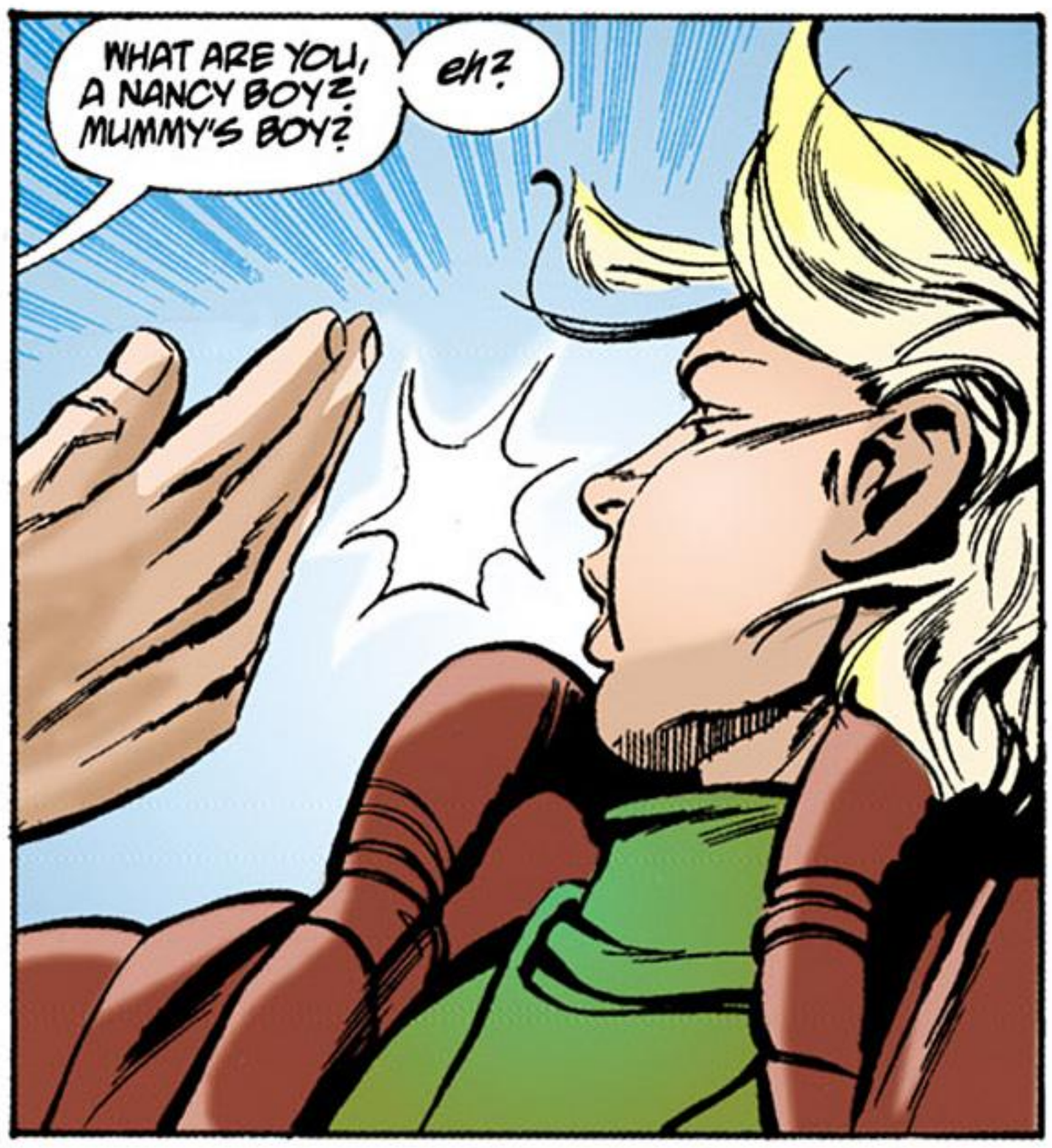

HE'S A BIT SCARY, IS HE? BUT HE LOOKS AFTER YOU, eh?
IT'S WORTH BEING A LITTLE SCARED OF HIM BECAUSE HE MAKES YOU FEEL TOUGH WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE. HE MAKES YOU FEEL HATE INSTEAD OF UNCERTAINTY AND FEAR.

THAT RIGHT?
WHAT YOU GOING ON AB...
OWWW!

WHAT THE FUCK'S THAT FOR?
DON'T YOU FUCKING START. WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE?


I'M A NIGHTMARE, BOY.
I'M THE TIGER IN THE RAIN, TEARING YOU OUT OF YOUR CAR. RIPPING YOU TO BITS ON THE BLOODY HIGHWAY.
I'M ONE HOLY FUCKING TERROR.

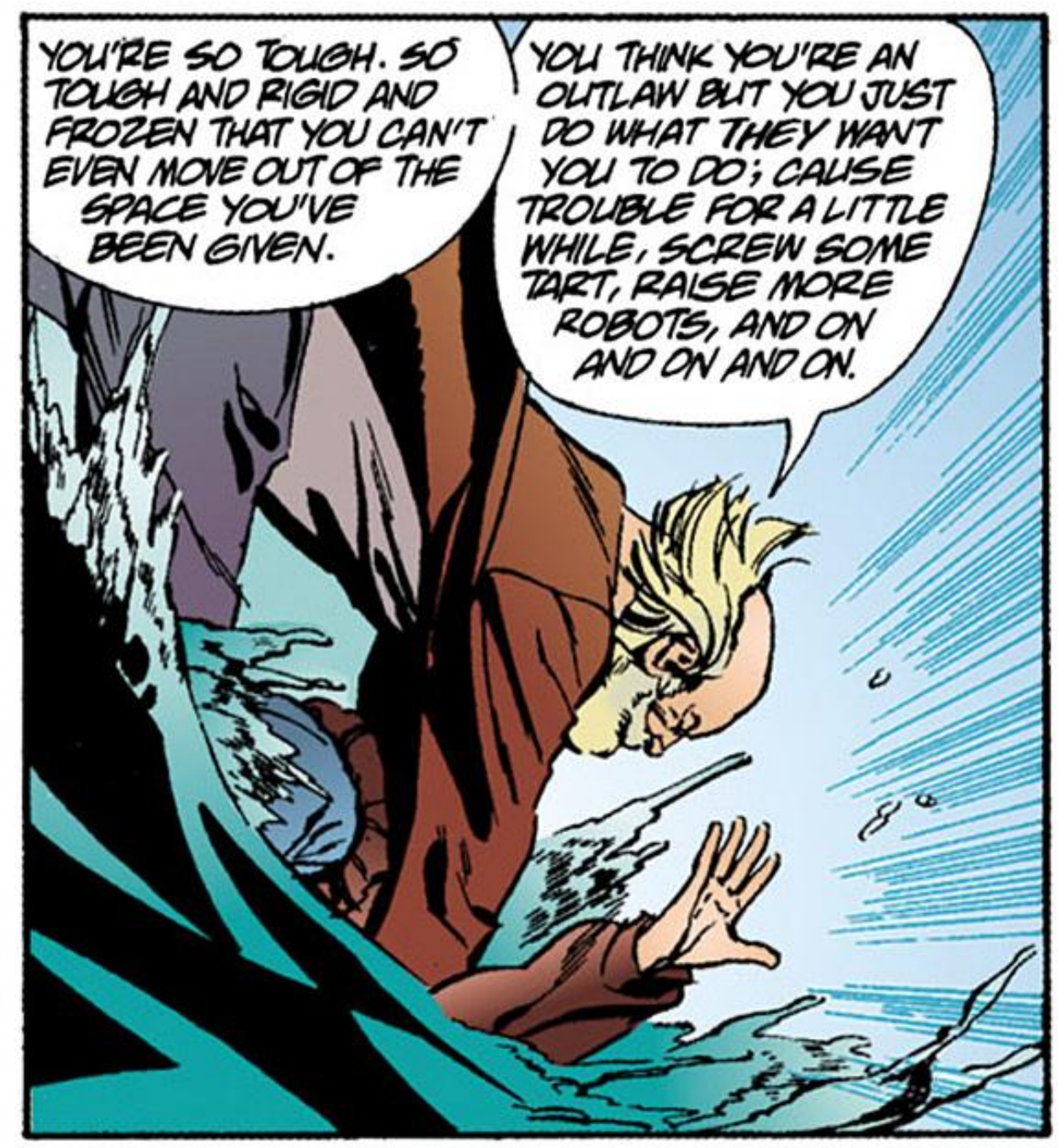
YOU'RE FUCKING MAD. YOU'VE GONE MAD, YOU OLD BASTARD!
TOUCH US AGAIN, I'LL FUCKING DECK YOU! I WILL!
DON'T LIKE BEING TOUCHED, DO YOU, BOY? HURTS, DOES IT? BRUISES YOUR SENSITIVE SKIN?


WHAT ARE YOU, A NANCY BOY? MUMMY'S BOY?
eh?

I'LL KILL YOU. I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!

WHAT'LL YOU DO? SET JACK FROST ON ME? LET HIM ICE UP YOUR HEART SO IT STOPS HURTING?
I'M NOT AFRAID OF LITTLE ROBOTS LIKE YOU, WITH YOUR LITTLE ROBOT THREATS. I'LL BURN HIM UP.

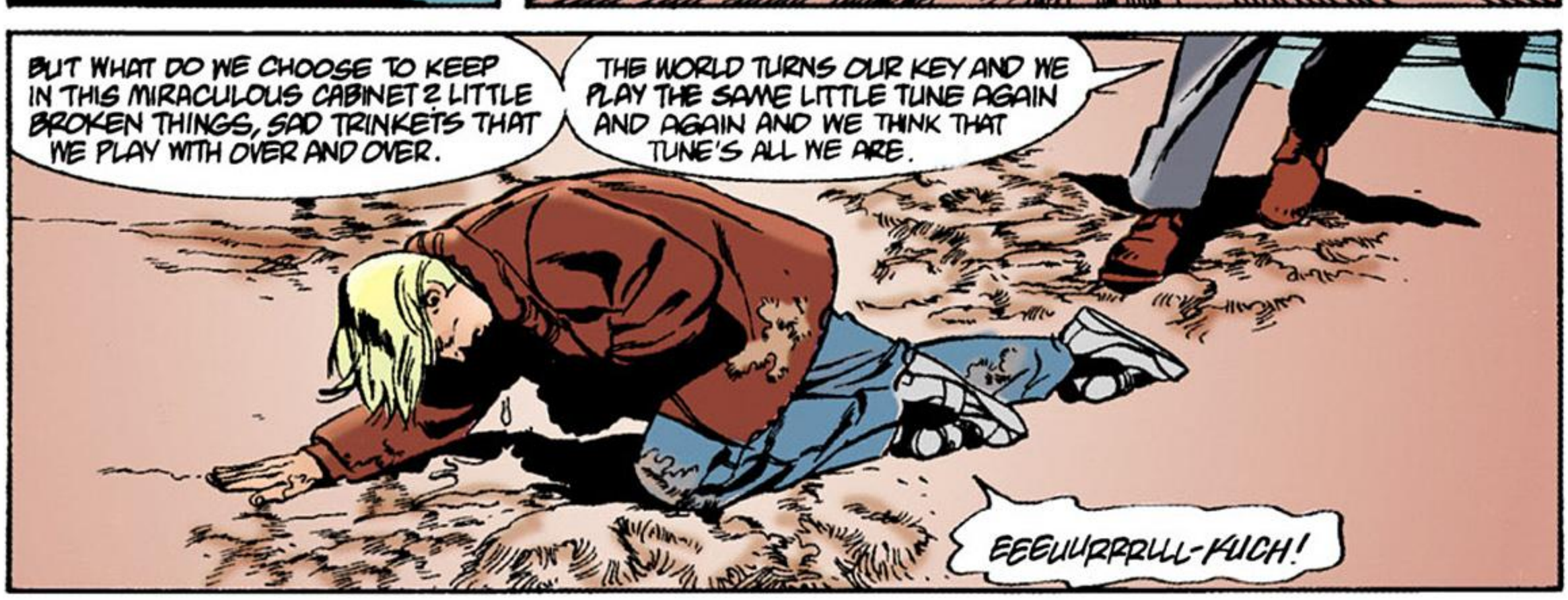
I'LL MAKE A PUDDLE OF HIM AND THAT PUDDLE I'LL TURN INTO A VAPOR.
I'LL TEAR YOU OUT OF YOUR ARMOR WITH WHITE-HOT CLAWS.

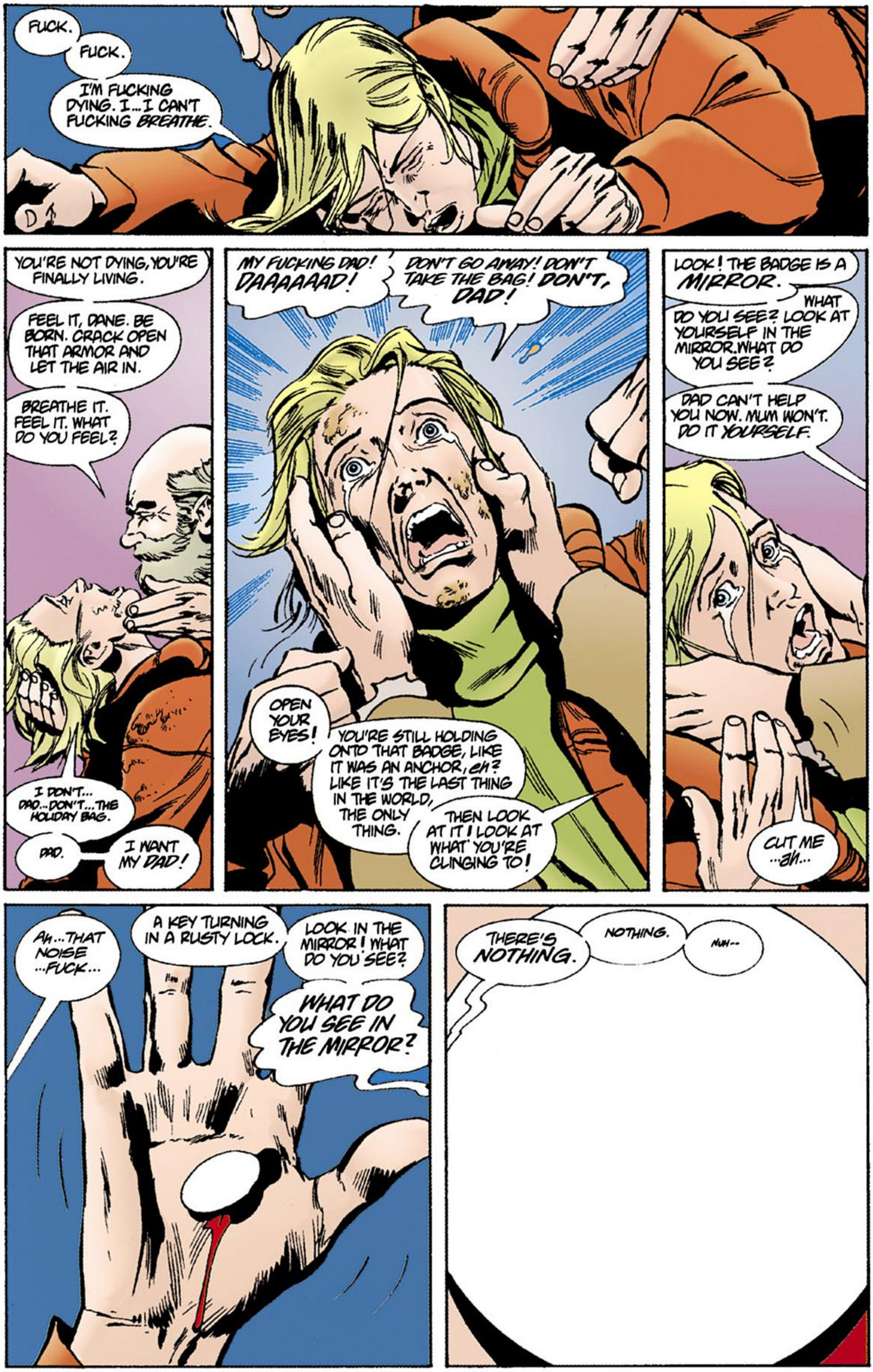

YOU'RE SO TOUGH. SO TOUGH AND RIGID AND FROZEN THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN MOVE OUT OF THE SPACE YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN.
YOU THINK YOU'RE AN OUTLAW BUT YOU JUST DO WHAT THEY WANT YOU TO DO; CAUSE TROUBLE FOR A LITTLE WHILE, SCREW SOME TART, RAISE MORE ROBOTS, AND ON AND ON AND ON.

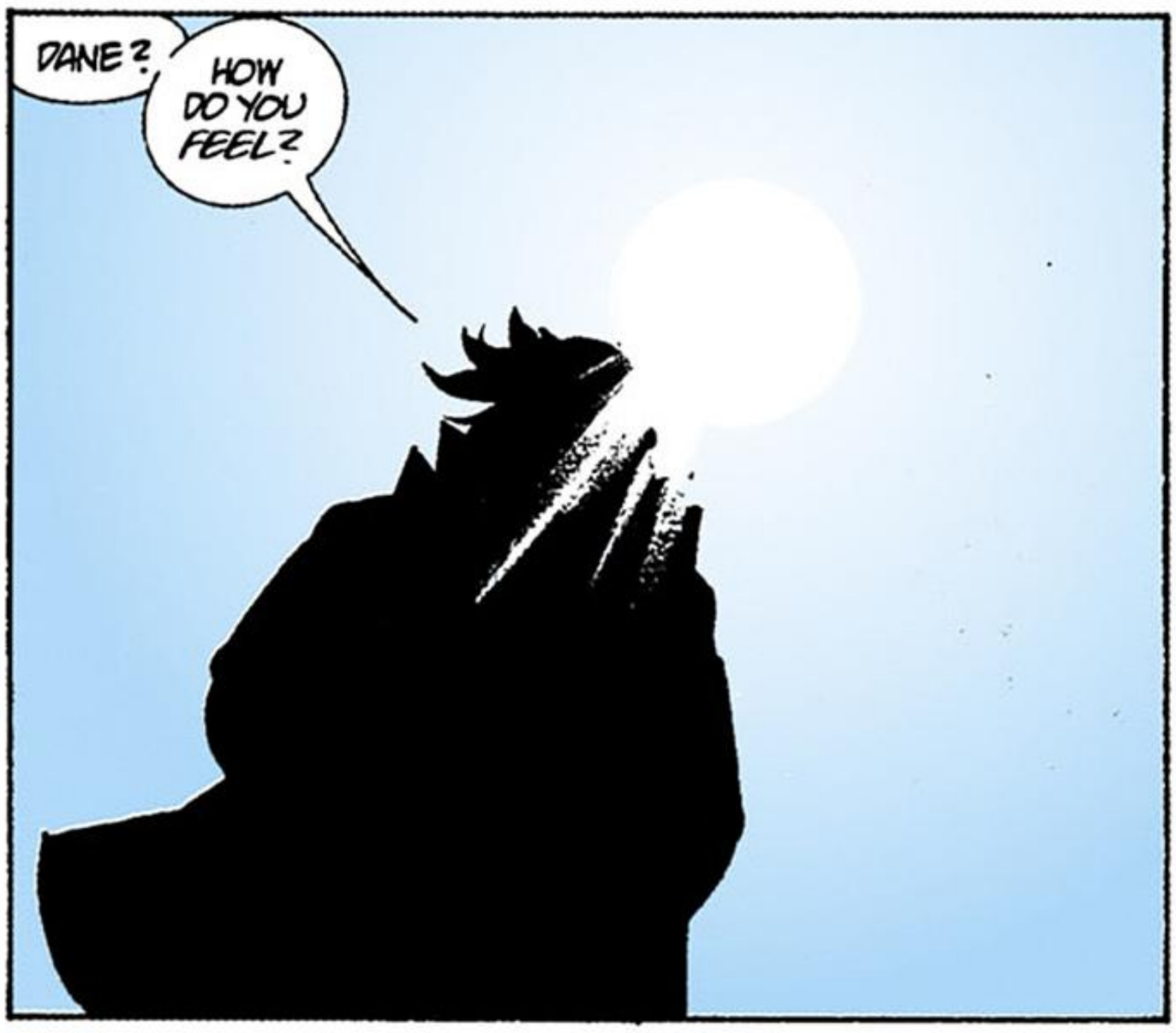
FIVE FIENDS HAVE BEEN IN POOR TOM AT ONCE: OF LUST, AS OBIDICUT; HOBBIDIDANCE, PRINCE OF DUMBNESS; MAHU, OF STEALING; MODO, OF MURDER.

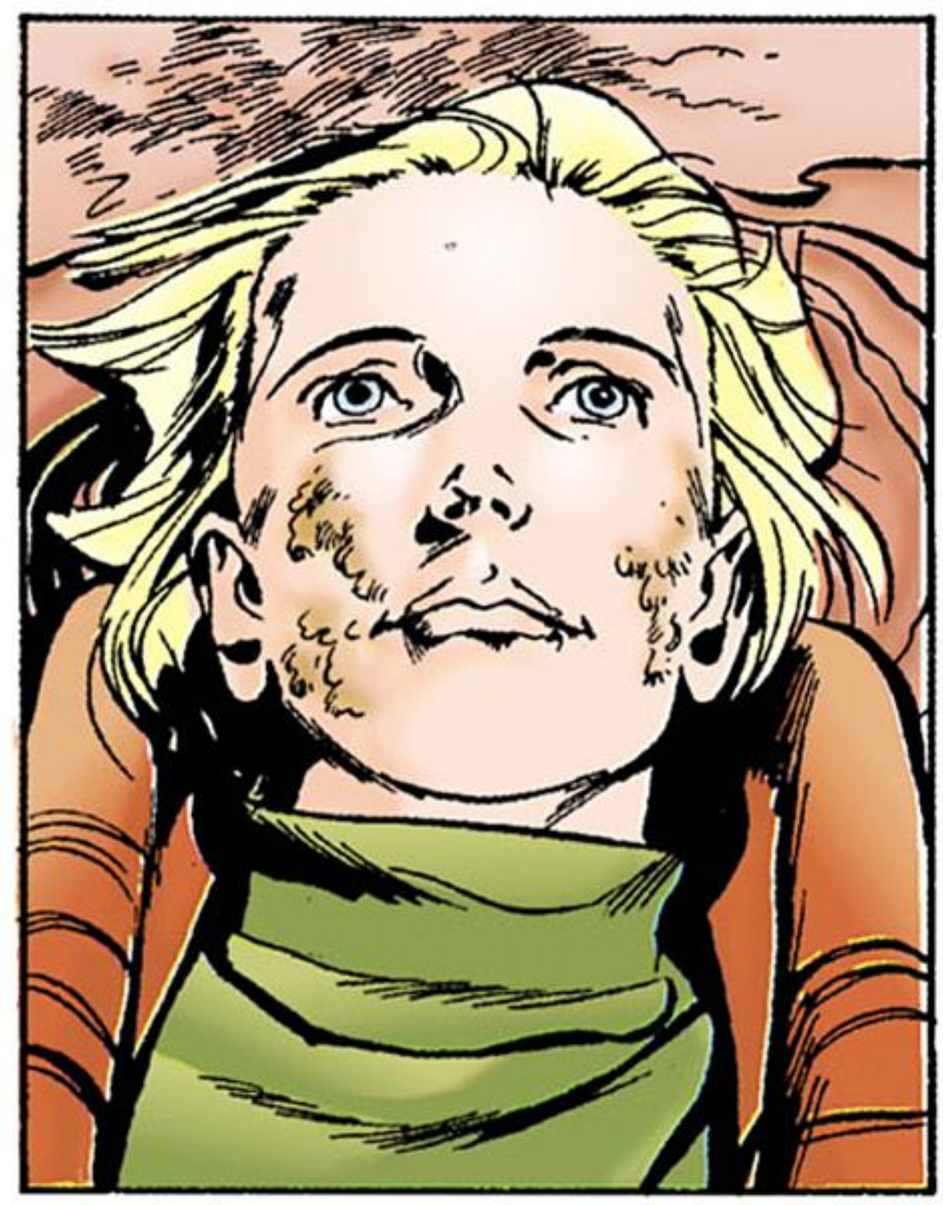
FLIBBERTIGIBBET, OF MOPPING AND MOWING.
SO MANY GIANTS AND DEMONS AND ALWAYS ROOM FOR MORE IN POOR TOM'S HEAD.
PHUUH!

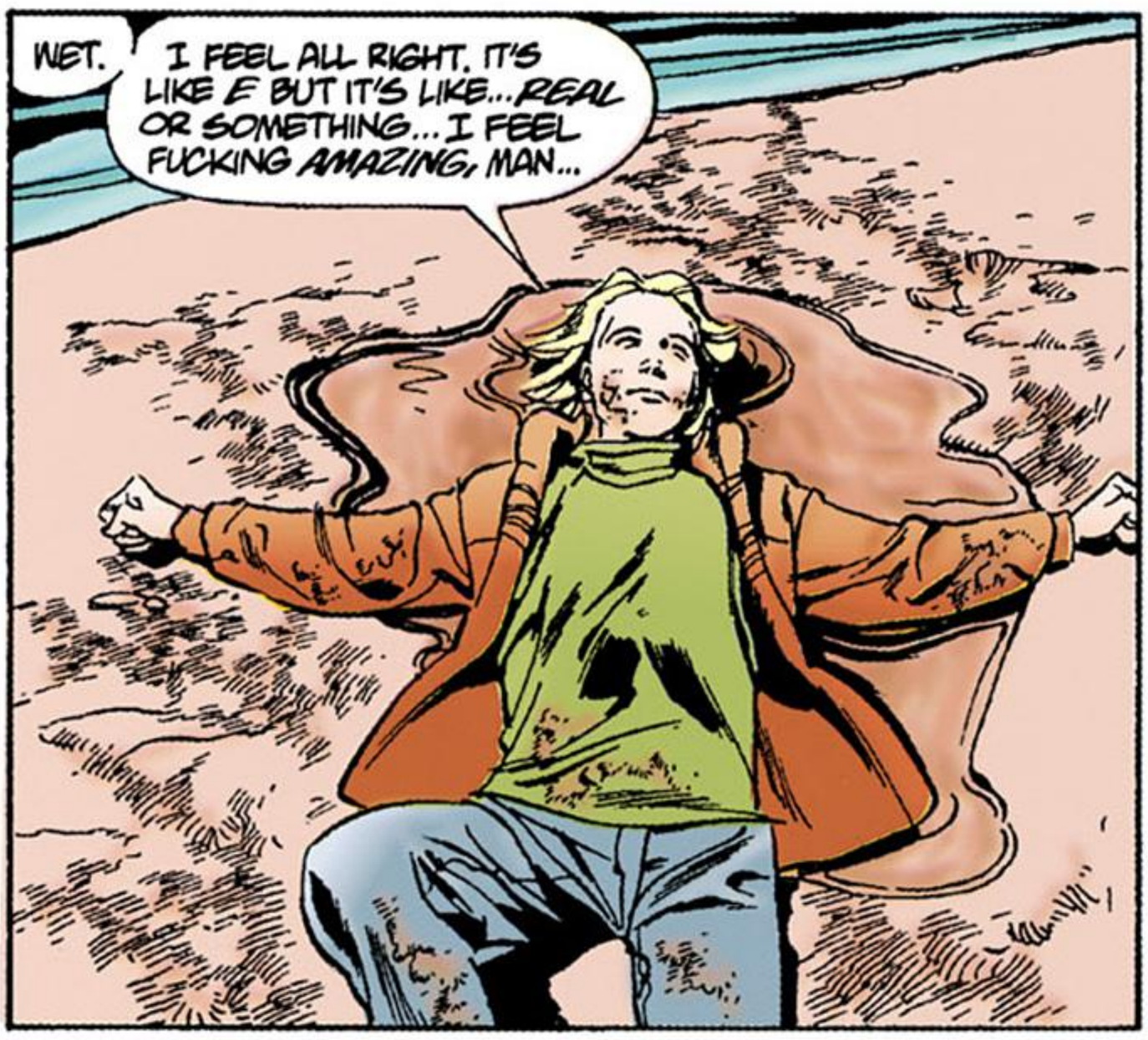
YOUR HEAD'S LIKE MINE, LIKE ALL OUR HEADS; BIG ENOUGH TO CONTAIN EVERY GOD AND DEVIL THERE EVER WAS. BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE WEIGHT OF OCEANS AND THE TURNING STARS. WHOLE UNIVERSES FIT IN THERE!
URRF!


BUT WHAT DO WE CHOOSE TO KEEP IN THIS MIRACULOUS CABINET? LITTLE BROKEN THINGS, SAD TRINKETS THAT WE PLAY WITH OVER AND OVER.
THE WORLD TURNS OUR KEY AND WE PLAY THE SAME LITTLE TUNE AGAIN AND AGAIN AND WE THINK THAT TUNE'S ALL WE ARE.
EEEUURRRULL-KUCH!

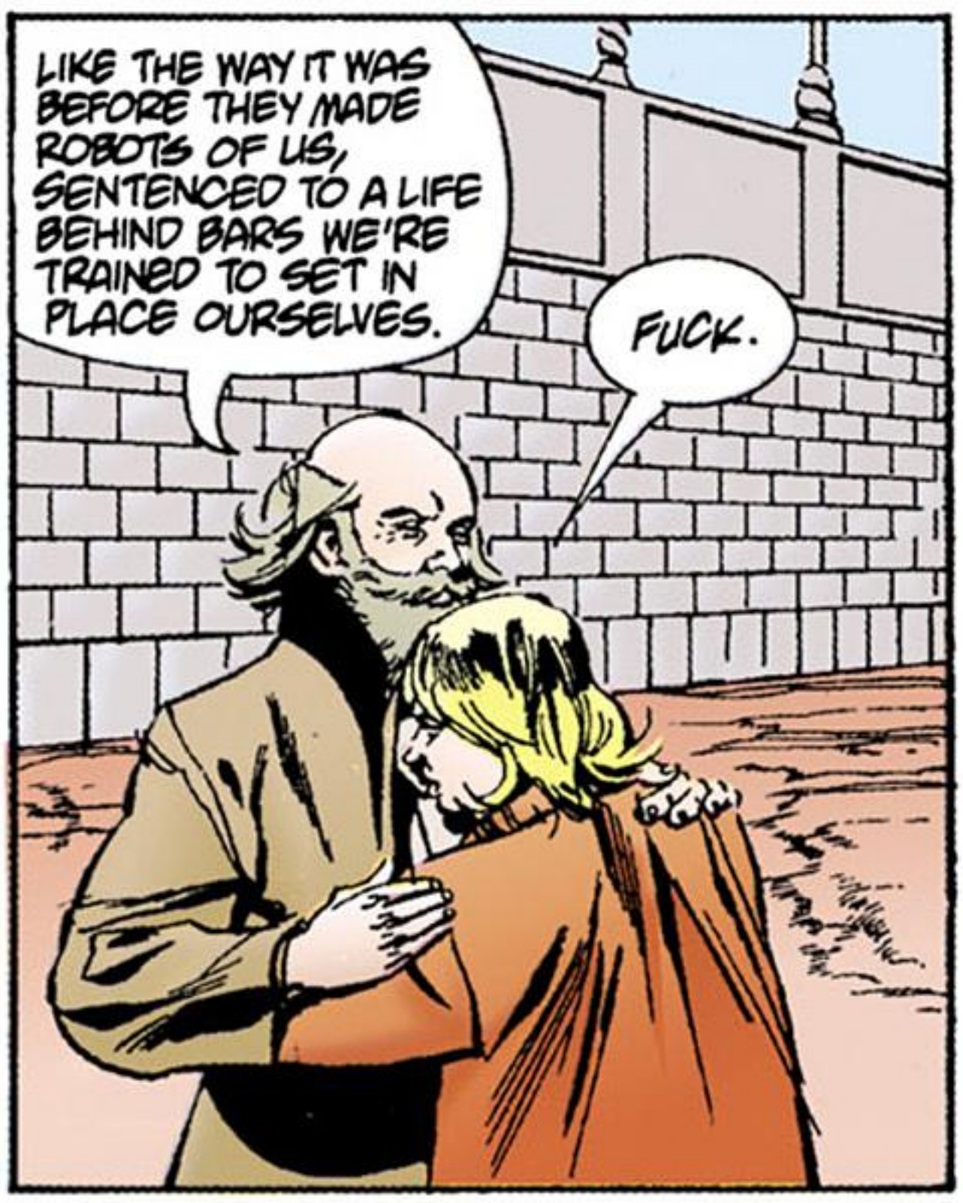

FUCK.
FUCK.
I'M FUCKING DYING. I...I CAN'T FUCKING BREATHE.
YOU'RE NOT DYING, YOU'RE FINALLY LIVING.
FEEL IT, DANE. BE BORN. CRACK OPEN THAT ARMOR AND LET THE AIR IN.
BREATHE IT. FEEL IT. WHAT DO YOU FEEL?
I DON'T... DAD...DON'T...THE HOLIDAY BAG.
DAD.
I WANT MY DAD!
MY FUCKING DAD! DAAAAAAD!
DON'T GO AWAY! DON'T TAKE THE BAG! DON'T, DAD!
OPEN YOUR EYES!
YOU'RE STILL HOLDING ONTO THAT BADGE, LIKE IT WAS AN ANCHOR, eh? LIKE IT'S THE LAST THING IN THE WORLD, THE ONLY THING.
THEN LOOK AT IT! LOOK AT WHAT YOU'RE CLINGING TO!
LOOK! THE BADGE IS A MIRROR.
WHAT DO YOU SEE? LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR. WHAT DO YOU SEE?
DAD CAN'T HELP YOU NOW. MUM WON'T. DO IT YOURSELF.
CUT ME ...ah...
Ah...THAT NOISE ...FUCK...
A KEY TURNING IN A RUSTY LOCK.
LOOK IN THE MIRROR! WHAT DO YOU SEE?
WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THE MIRROR?
THERE'S NOTHING.
NOTHING.
NUH--

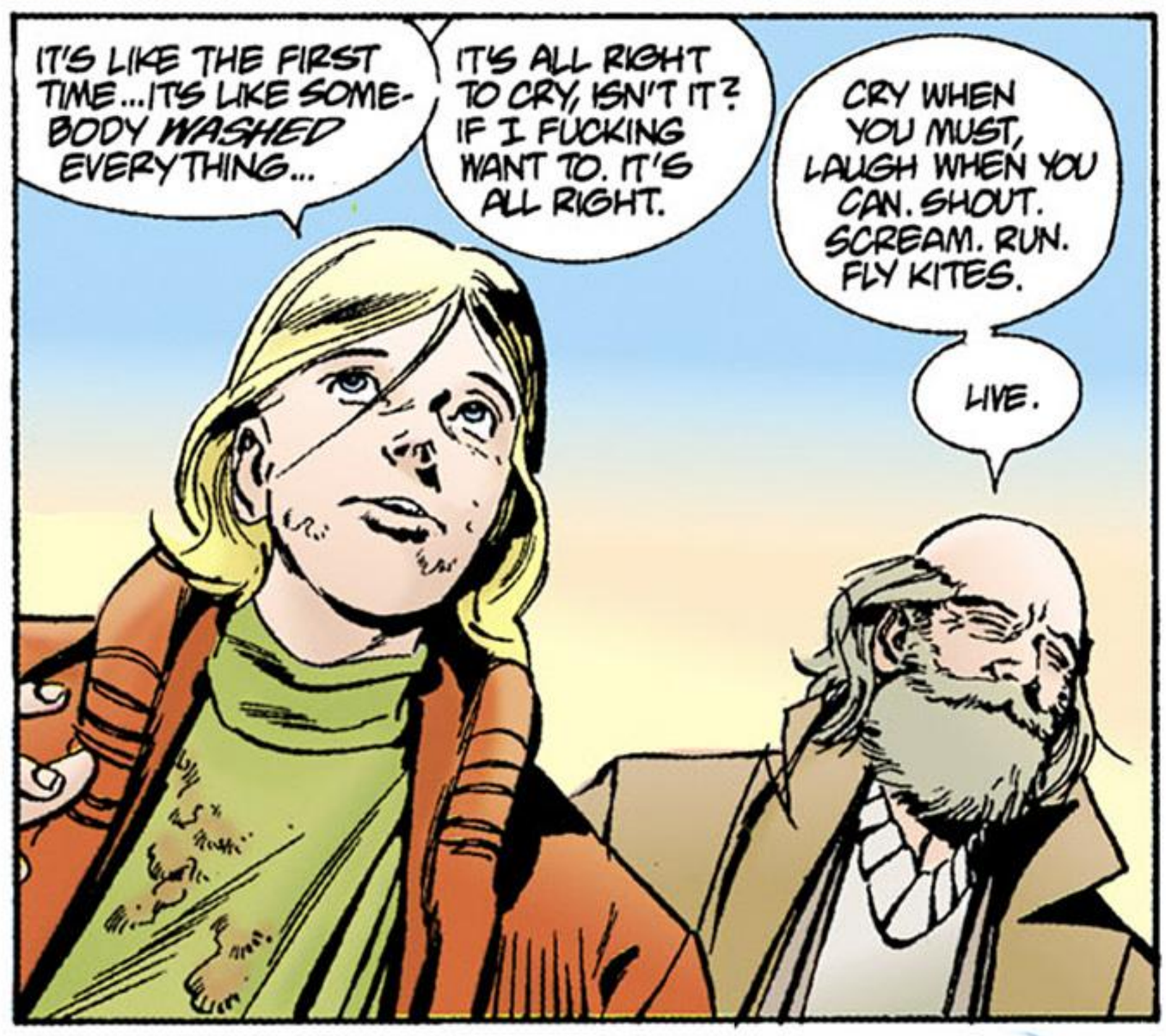

DANE?
HOW DO YOU FEEL?

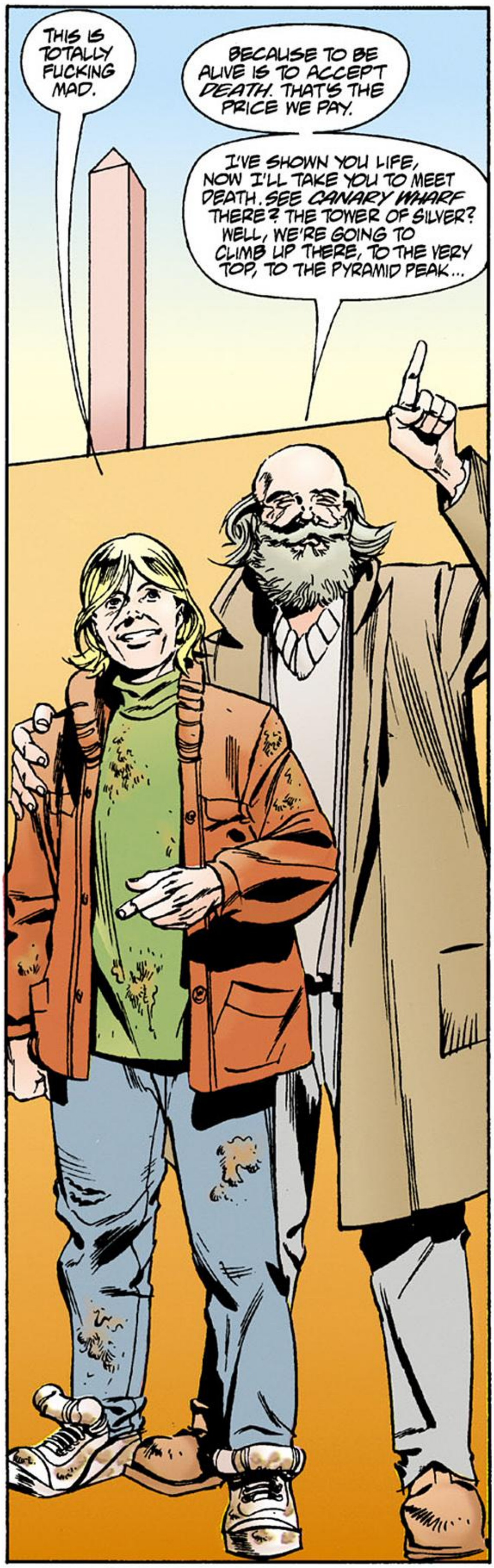


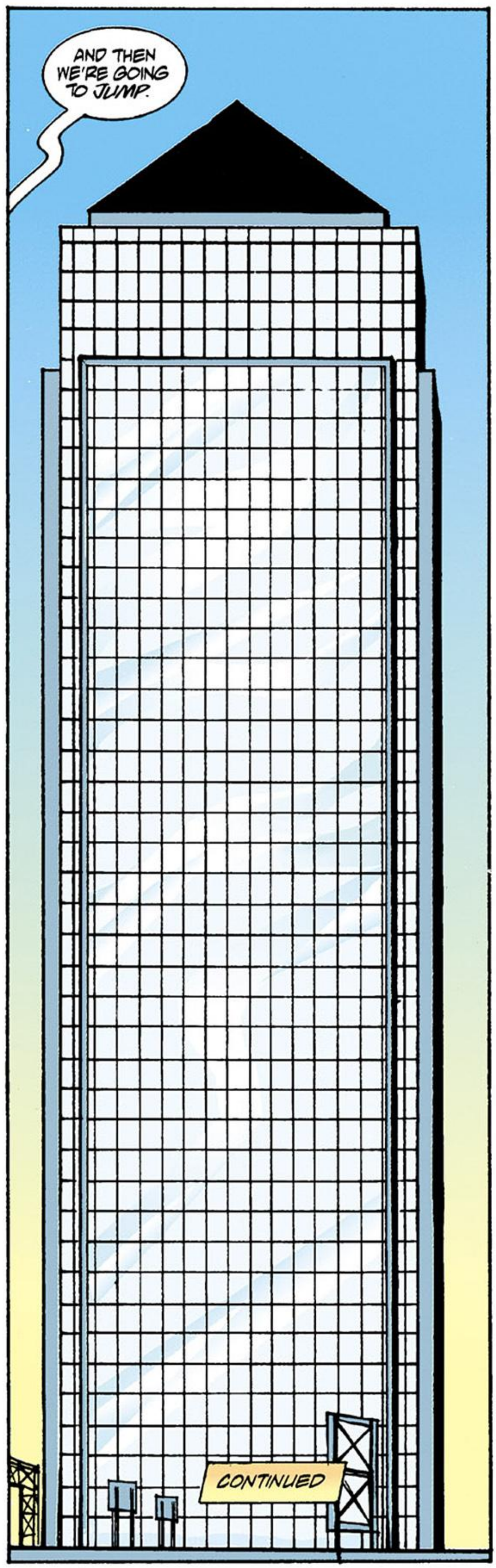

WET.
I FEEL ALL RIGHT. IT'S LIKE *E* BUT IT'S LIKE... *REAL* OR SOMETHING... I FEEL FUCKING *AMAZING*, MAN...

I DON'T KNOW.
COME ON. UP YOU GET.
THEY MADE YOU FORGET HOW TO FEEL, *eh*? REMEMBER IT NOW? LIKE EVERYTHING NEW AND THE SUN ITSELF SPINNING BEHIND YOUR RIBS, FILLING YOU UP WITH SILVER.


LIKE THE WAY IT WAS BEFORE THEY MADE ROBOTS OF US, SENTENCED TO A LIFE BEHIND BARS WE'RE TRAINED TO SET IN PLACE OURSELVES.
FUCK.


IT'S LIKE THE FIRST TIME... IT'S LIKE SOMEBODY *WASHED* EVERYTHING...
IT'S ALL RIGHT TO CRY, ISN'T IT? IF I FUCKING WANT TO. IT'S ALL RIGHT.
CRY WHEN YOU MUST, LAUGH WHEN YOU CAN. SHOUT. SCREAM. RUN. FLY KITES.
LIVE.


THIS IS TOTALLY FUCKING MAD.
BECAUSE TO BE ALIVE IS TO ACCEPT DEATH. THAT'S THE PRICE WE PAY.
I'VE SHOWN YOU LIFE, NOW I'LL TAKE YOU TO MEET DEATH. SEE CANARY WHARF THERE? THE TOWER OF SILVER? WELL, WE'RE GOING TO CLIMB UP THERE, TO THE VERY TOP, TO THE PYRAMID PEAK...


AND THEN WE'RE GOING TO JUMP.
CONTINUED

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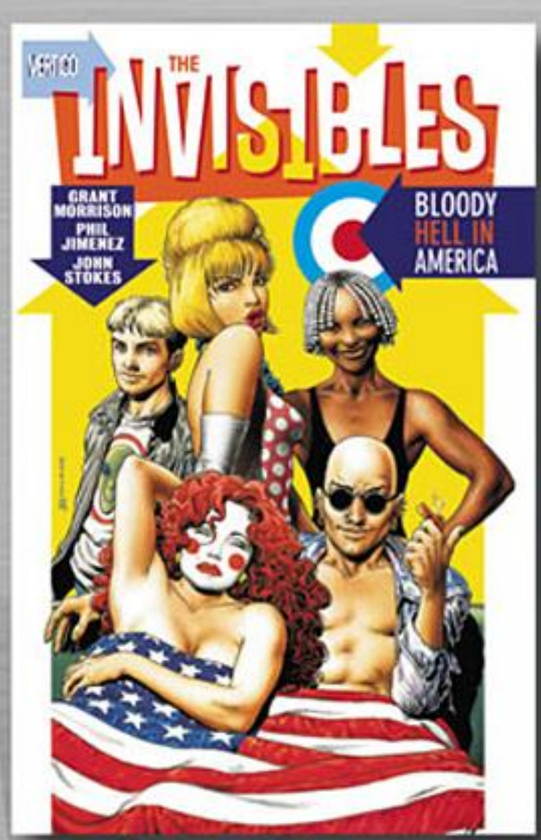

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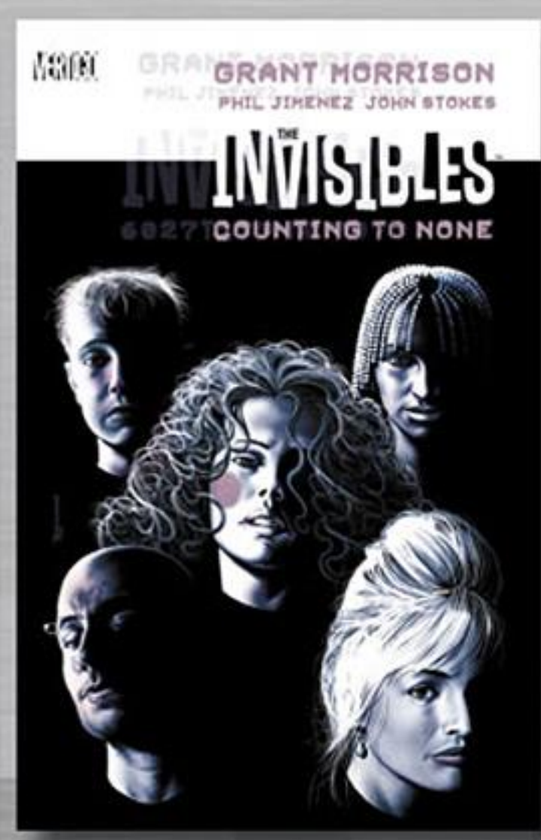

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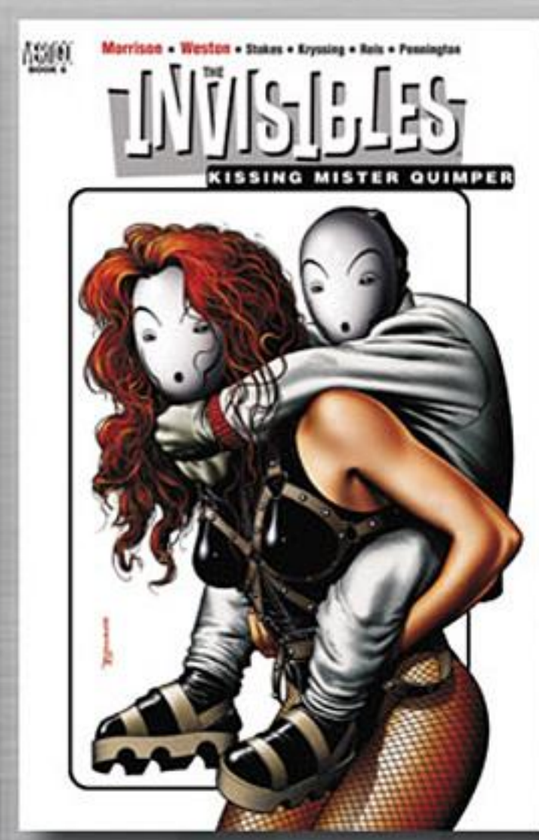

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